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THE REFORMATION IN SWITZERLAND.

Histoire de la revolution religieuse, ou de la reforme Protestante dans la Suisse Occidentale. Par Charles Louis de Haller, ancien membre du conseil souverain, et du conseil secret de Berne, chevalier de l'ordre royal de la legion d'honneur, et de celui de Charles III, d'Espagne, &c.

History of the religious revolution, or of the Protestant Reformation, in western Switzerland. By Charles Louis de Haller, former member of the supreme and of the secret councils of Berne, knight of the royal order of the legion of honor, and of that of Charles III, of Spain, &c. 4th edition. Paris, 1839. 1 vol. 12mo., pp. 436.

THE recent exciting occurrences in Switzerland have caused the eyes of the whole civilized world to be directed to that most interesting country. All Europe stood looking on with the most lively interest while those scenes were enacting; and France and Austria with their powerful armies hovered over the Swiss frontiers, ready to interpose in case of necessity;—whether to stay the onward progress of anarchy and civil war, or to turn the course which events might take to their own advantage. Thank heaven, their intervention was not deemed necessary; and Switzerland, after an unparalleled excitement, and a sanguinary struggle, at length righted herself. And we trust that the Swiss cantons may long profit by the lessons taught them by the late terrible events, and that many years may elapse before their tranquillity will be again disturbed by political jacobinism or religious fanaticism.

It is admitted on all hands that, in the disturbances to which we allude, the Protestants were the aggressors, and that the Catholics acted only on the defensive. Lucerne, the principal Catholic canton of the confederacy, claimed the right of managing her own educational concerns without the interference of her neighbors; this right was clearly guarantied to her by the fundamental articles of the Swiss confederation; and she resolved to maintain it at all hazards. If the Catholic Lucerners thought proper to entrust the education of their children to the Jesuits, what right had the Protestants of Argovia, Berne, and Bâle Campagne to object? What right had the latter to say to the former, you shall not employ these teachers, but you shall employ such as may be agreeable to *our* taste? Yet they did thus

wantonly and rudely interfere with what was clearly not their business; but they received a lesson which may serve as a warning to all busy meddlers in future. In the two late desperate attempts to subvert the constitution and to crush the very independence of Lucerne by force, this brave old Catholic canton, assisted by its faithful allies of Schwytz, Uri, Zug, and Unterwald, proved to all the world that it could fight as well as pray, and that Catholicity, far from enervating, had strengthened its primitive vigor and courage. The old Catholic cantons proved themselves worthy descendants of those heroes who had fought at Morgarten under the victorious banners of Tell and Furstemberg, who had laid the foundations of Swiss independence in the beginning of the fourteenth century, and who, wherever their watch-word was LIBERTY, had ever proved terrible to their foes, and unconquerable in battle. The fierce Gorgon of despotism had not dared for centuries to desecrate, with his foul footsteps, the soil beneath which rested the mortal remains of those noble Catholic heroes, nor to pollute, with his pestilent breath, that pure and bracing air of the mountains, which was itself the most appropriate emblem of the pure, and lofty, and untrammelled patriotism cherished as their own heart's blood by the brave, sturdy, and enthusiastic Swiss mountaineers.

How could the Protestant reformation hope to conquer such men as these? It might easily gain over to its standard the comparatively effeminate, and the far more worldly-minded and corrupt inhabitants of the plains; it could never proselyte the unsophisticated children of the mountains. These prized their religion as dearly as they did their ancestral glory; in fact the two were intimately associated together in their minds, as they had been in the glowing realities of history. It was the Catholic religion which had inspired the ardent patriotism, stimulated the noble courage, and nerved for battle the brawny arms of Tell and his associates; it was the Catholic religion which had crowned the victors with laurel, celebrated the triumphal disenthralment of the country by its most splendid services of thanksgiving, and erected the public monuments which commemorated the victory. Bending reverently before the altar of his God, and falling prostrate before the Lamb offered up thereon, the Swiss hero had prayed with confidence for victory, and had returned his fervid thanks when victory had been won by his good sword blessed by heaven.

No wonder, then, that Lucerne and the other Catholic cantons could not brook to be dictated to by their neighbors in matters involving the free exercise of their religion. No wonder that they were willing to shed the last drop of their blood rather than have the bright jewel of faith torn from their bosoms, or than wear, riveted upon their necks, the galling yoke of a religious despotism. No wonder they fought, when assailed; no wonder they conquered:—such men always conquer, because they deserve to conquer.

The late war in Switzerland was a religious war, in which one party was struggling for its religious independence, and the other, for the establishment of a religious ascendency. That such a struggle should have happened a hundred years back would create little or no surprise; but that it should have happened in our own day; in this enlightened and tolerant nineteenth century; in this *enlightened age of dollars and cents*, in which almost every thing else is valued more highly than religion;—is indeed not a little astonishing. It might even seem that this age is awaking from its lethargic stupor of indifference, and putting on once more something of that religious zeal and enthusiasm which whilom animated the crusaders. But such is really not the case. The awakening is only local, partial, and fitful; it is but a momentary outburst of a religious bigotry as blind as it is hateful, on the one side; and of a religious enthusiasm for self-defence as deep and determined as it was successful, on the other. It is a temporary war of two great conflicting elements in society: *anarchy and order*. Order has triumphed, and anarchy has been sternly rebuked:—long may it be before it will again dare to show its hideous head either in Switzerland or elsewhere!

It would be a very imperfect and short-sighted view of the subject, to consider the late Swiss disturbances as isolated events unconnected with the past history of Switzerland. To understand them aright, we must look back three hundred years, to the period when the great religious revolution, called by courtesy the *reformation*, swept over that country, scattering broadcast upon its once peaceful and happy soil the prolific seeds of dissensions and

divisions, and civil wars. There is no more doubt that all the evils, all the bitter feuds, all the rancorous civil broils, and nearly all the bloodshed of Switzerland during the last three centuries, have sprung from the reformation, *so called*, than there is of this other fact, that all the previous liberty, and peace, and glory of the country had sprung from the great political revolution effected by Catholics in the beginning of the fourteenth century. These two great revolutions are the starting points of Swiss glory and of Swiss disgrace.

It is with these views that we now proceed to present some of the leading features in the early history of the Swiss reformation, a revolution, as we sincerely believe, pregnant with infinite mischief of every kind to the Swiss confederation.

Zurich was the first city in Switzerland which embraced the reformation; or, as M. de Haller expresses it, she was "the mother and the root of all religious and political Protestantism in Switzerland."* She was nearly eight years in advance of Berne in the race of reform; and it was through her influence mainly that Berne at length consented to embrace the reformation. But once Berne had embraced it, she far outstripped her preceptor in religious zeal or fanaticism, and she took the lead in all the subsequent religioso-political affairs of the country. Her central position, her rich and extensive territory, her untiring industry, and her adroit and unscrupulous diplomacy, gave her the ascendency over all the other Protestant cantons, and made her the leader in every great enterprise. It was through her intrigues that Geneva embraced the reform; it was by her triumphant physical power that the reformation was thrust down the throats of the good Catholic people of Vaud. Bernese preachers, escorted by Bernese bailiffs and spies, traversed all the north-western cantons, scattering dissension wherever they went, and establishing the new gospel either by intrigue or by force, wherever they could. Cautiously and cunningly, but with an industry that never tired, and a resolution that never faltered, Berne pursued her Machiavellian policy, until, by one means or another, about half of the Swiss confederation was torn from Catholic unity, and bound at the same time, by strong political ties, to herself. Thus she became the great leader of the Protestant, as Lucerne has ever been of the Catholic cantons of Switzerland.

It is from this elevated point of view that M. de Haller looks down upon the history of the Swiss reformation. Himself a Bernese, and, until he became a Catholic,* a Bernese counsellor as high in power and influence as he was in wisdom and talents, he was eminently qualified to write a history of the religious revolution which he undertakes to describe. Candid and moderate by nature, of an enlarged mind and comprehensive genius, his scrupulous veracity has not been denied even by his strongest opponents; while he certainly had every opportunity to become thoroughly acquainted with the events he relates. He assures us in his preface,† that his history "can not be taxed with exaggeration, for it has been faithfully derived from *Historical Fragments of the city of Berne*, composed by a Bernese ecclesiastic (Protestant); from the *History of the Swiss*, by Mallet, a Genevan Protestant; from *that of Baron d'Alt*, a Catholic, it is true, but excessively reserved upon all that might displease the Bernese; and above all, in fine, from the *History of the reformation in Switzerland*, by M. Ruchat, a zealous Protestant minister and professor of belles-lettres at the academy of Lausanne, to whom all the archives were opened for the composition of his work."

This last named writer, whom he quotes continually, was a most violent partisan of the Swiss reformation; and yet he was compelled to relate a large portion of the truth, mixed up, as usual, with much adroit and canting misrepresentation. This he asserted, among other things, "that the Catholic religion is idolatrous and superstitious, and that it can not be sustained but by ignorance, by interest, by violence, and by fraud!"‡ M. de Haller meets the injurious charge, not by asserting, but by *proving* from undeniable evidence, that the Swiss reformation was established precisely by these identical means, and that it could not, in fact, have been established otherwise!

"Protestants of good faith—and there are many such among our separated brethren,"—he says, "will judge for themselves, from a simple exposition of facts, whether it was not rather their own religion which was introduced

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* For becoming a Catholic he was expelled from the council, probably in order to prove Protestant love of liberty!

† P. ix. ‡ Quoted by de Haller, Pref. x.

by ignorance, interest, violence, and fraud: by *ignorance*, for it was every where the ignorant multitude that decided without knowledge of the cause upon questions of faith and discipline, and this was carried so far that even children of fourteen years were called to these popular assemblies; by *interest*, for the robbery of churches, of temples, and of monasteries, was the first act of the reformation; by *violence*, for it was with armed force that altars were overturned, images broken, convents pillaged, and it became necessary to employ fire and sword, confiscation and exile, in order to make the new religion prevail over the ancient belief; by *lying* and by *fraud*, for Luther and Zuingle formally recommended both to their followers as means of success, and their counsel has been followed with fidelity and perseverence even unto our own day. We will now pass on to the *facts* and the *proof*."*

We defy any one to read M. de Haller's book without admitting that he has triumphantly proved all this, and even more, by facts and evidence derived mainly from Protestant sources. Our limits will not, of course, allow us to go into all the details of the evidence; but yet we hope to be able to furnish enough to convince any impartial mind that M. de Haller's position is entirely sound. But first we must glance rapidly at the manner in which the reformation was first introduced into Berne, which, as we have already intimated, subsequently exercised so strong an influence, both religious and political, on other parts of Switzerland.

It was slowly and cautiously that Berne embraced the new doctrines. Long did she resist the intrigues of the Zurichers and the wily arts of the new apostle of Zurich, Ulrich Zuingle. This man understood well the character of the Bernese—their wary distrust of any thing new, their deeply seated self-interest, and their dogged obstinacy in maintaining whatever they finally settled down upon;—he knew all this, and he acted accordingly. Writing to Berchtold Haller, the first herald of the new gospel at Berne, he advised moderation and caution, "for," says he, "the minds of the Bernese are not yet rife for the new gospel."† In a letter subsequently addressed to Francis Kolb, he uses this quaint language, alluding to the national type of Berne—the *bear*:

"My dear Francis! proceed slowly, and not too rudely, in the business; do not throw to the *bear* at first but one sour pear along with a great many sweet ones, afterwards two, then three; and if he begins to swallow them, throw him always more and more, sour and sweet, pellmell. Finally, empty the sack altogether; soft, hard, sweet, sour, and crude, he will devour them all, and will not suffer any one to take them away from him, nor to drive him away."*

Zuingle understood his men, and his arts succeeded even beyond his most sanguine expectations. Berne vacillated for several years between truth and error; her policy was wavering and tortuous; but at length she threw her whole influence into the scale of the reformation; and once she had taken this her position, she maintained it with all her characteristic obstinacy. Though her counsels were often uncertain, yet, in the main, she continued faithful to the old religion up to the year 1527. On the 26th of January, 1524, we find her delegates uniting with those of the twelve cantons at Lucerne in a strong decree, *unanimously* passed, for the maintenance of Catholicity.† Shortly afterwards she listened with respect to the voice of the three Catholic bishops of Constance, Bâle, and Lausanne, who strongly urged the Cantons to remain steadfast in their faith, and who promised "that if, in lapse of time, some abuses had glided into the ecclesiastical state, they would examine the matter with unremitting diligence, and abolish the abuses with all their power."‡

In 1525—6, the terrible revolt of the peasants took place in Germany, and penetrated even into Switzerland. It had certainly grown out of the revolutionary principles broached by the reformers, and it was headed by Protestant preachers, as M. Ruchat, himself a preacher, admits in the following passage: "having at their head *the preachers of the reform*, they pillaged, ravaged, massacred, and burnt every thing that fell into their hands."§ Sartorius, another Protestant historian of Germany, admits the same.‖ All social order was threatened with annihilation by these wild fanatics, whose number was legion; and Berne, appalled by the danger, made a temporary truce with her tergiversation, recoiled from the pre-

* Pref. x and xi. He gives us in a note, besides some curious facts about Zuingle, the following passage from a letter of Luther to Melancthon, dated Aug 30, 1530: "When we will have nothing more to fear, and when we shall be left in repose, we will then *repair all our present lies, our frauds, and our acts of violence.*"

† Quoted by de Haller, p. 18.

* Ibid. note. † Ibid. p. 22. ‡ Ibid. p. 23.
§ Quoted by de Haller, p. 23. ‖ Ibid.

cipice, on the brink of which she had been standing, and fell back on her old vantage ground of conservative Catholicity. On the 21st of May, 1526, her grand council published an edict for the preservation of the old religion, and bound itself *by a solemn oath to maintain it inviolate.*"*

Yet, in the very following year, Berne revoked this decree, violated this solemnly plighted oath, joined the reformation, and lent her whole influence to its propagation throughout Switzerland! Her wavering ceased all of a sudden, and her policy, though tortuous and unprincipled, now became firmly settled. Not only she declared for the reformation, but she spared no labor, no intrigue, no money,—nothing, to make it triumph every where. It was mainly through her efforts that the reformation was fastened on a large portion of the Swiss republic. By what means this was accomplished, we have already intimated; and now we will furnish some of the principal specifications and evidence bearing on the subject. The *facts* we are going to alledge clearly prove this great leading feature of the Swiss reformation:—that it was only by intrigue, chicanery, persecution, and open violence, that it was established at Berne and throughout the canton, as well as in all the other cantons where Bernese influence could be felt.

In 1528, a conference, or rather a species of Zuinglian council, was held at Berne, for the purpose of deciding on the articles of faith to be adopted in the proposed reformation. Zuingle was the master spirit of the council, at which very few Catholics assisted. Ten articles, or *theses*, were there adopted by the ministers; but, though drawn up with studied ambiguity and vagueness, they were still signed only by a minority of the Bernese clergy, the majority still clinging to the old faith. Yet the Bernese grand council of state not only adopted and confirmed those articles, but enjoined their adoption on all the people of the canton. Pastors and curates were forbidden to teach any thing opposed to them; the mass was abolished, altars were to be demolished, images to be burnt, and the four bishops of Switzerland were declared deprived of all jurisdiction! Moreover, priests were permitted to marry, and religious persons of both sexes to leave their convents; the preachers were ordered to preach four times each week under penalty of suspension; and finally the council reserved to itself the right "to change this new religion if any one would prove to them any thing better by the Scriptures."*

Such was the tenor of the famous Bernese decree by which the new gospel was first *established by law.* Nor did it remain a dead letter. Violence, sacrilege, and robbery rioted throughout the canton. The churches of the Catholics were forcibly seized on, the altars were overturned, the beautiful decorations of paintings and statuary were defaced or broken to pieces, people were forbidden any longer to worship at the altars and shrines of their fathers; and very soon the whole canton presented the appearance of a country through which an army of Vandals and Huns had but lately marched! It is a certain and undoubted *fact*, that the reformation was *forced* upon the Bernese people against the positive will of the majority! But the minority were active, untiring, revolutionary, and they had the civil authorities to back them; the majority were often indifferent and negligent, their natural protectors, the more zealous among the clergy, had been compelled to fly, and thus left a flock without shepherds, the people were at length wearied out and harassed into conformity.

To enforce the new religious law, commissioners were sent from Berne into all the communes of the canton, with instructions to harangue the people, and to use every effort to induce them to embrace the new gospel. After their harangues, the matter was to be immediately put to the popular vote, boys of fourteen years being entitled to the privilege of suffrage! If the majority went for the new gospel, even if that majority consisted but of one voice, the minority were compelled to abandon the old religion, and the mass was declared publicly abolished throughout the commune! If, on the contrary, the majority, as was often the case, in spite of every entreaty and threat, went for the old religion, the Protestant minority still remained free to practise publicly their religion! Moreover, in this latter case, the vote of the commune was again taken by parishes, in order that those in which the majority were Protestants might be pro-

* Ibid. ch. iv, p. 27 seqq.

* Ibid. pp. 52, 53.

tected by the civil authority. Even if a commune voted *unanimously* in favor of Catholicity, the possibility of practising their religion was taken away from the Catholics by the banishment of their priests, and the stationing amongst them of Protestant preachers; or if their Bernese excellencies allowed them to retain their pastors, it was only for a time and until *further orders!**

We ask whether all this was not downright tyranny; and whether our assertion made above was at all exaggerated? But this is not yet all, nor even half. There were in Switzerland certain cities and districts under the joint government and control of Berne, Fribourg, and other Catholic cantons. To these Berne sent out her emissaries, both religious and political. If they could be gained over to the new religion, they would probably throw off the yoke of their Catholic joint sovereigns, and fall solely under the government of Berne, to say nothing of the spiritual good which would accrue to their souls from the new gospel. Hence no money nor intrigue was to be spared to proselyte them. The fiery minister, Farel, armed with Bernese passports, and accompanied or sustained by Bernese deputies and bailiffs, ran over these common cities and districts with the impetuous fury of one possessed by an evil spirit. He stirred up seditions wherever he went, either against the old religion or against himself; and his progress was every where marked by conflagrations and ruins. In the bishopric of Bâle, in several towns and communes belonging to the present canton of Vaud, in Soleure, and elsewhere, this furious fanatic and political firebrand agitated society to its very depths, and lashed popular passions into a fury which was entirely uncontrollable. Wherever the populace could be won over to his party, or even overawed into silence, he caused the mass to be abolished, churches to be stripped, pillaged, and sacrilegiously desecrated, and altars to be overturned! And the Bernese authorities not only looked on, but they even sanctioned all these ferocious deeds, and guarantied the person of Farel!†

Insurrections and violence every where marked the progress of the reformation. Look at the following graphic picture of Switzerland during that epoch, drawn by M. de Haller.

"During the years 1529, 1530, and 1531, Switzerland found herself in a frightful condition, and altogether similar to that of which we are now witnesses, three centuries later. Nothing was seen every where but hatred, broils, and acts of violence; every where reigned discord and division; discord between the cantons, discord in the bosom of the governments, discord between sovereigns and subjects, in fine, discord and division even in every parish and in every family. The defection of Berne, at which the Zurichers had labored for six years, had unchained the audacity of all the meddlers and bad men in Switzerland. On all sides new revolutions broke out;—at Bâle, at St. Gall, at Bienne, at Thurgovia, at Frauenfeld, at Mellingen, at Bremgarten, even at Gaster and in the Toggenburg, at Herissau, at Wettingen, and finally at Schaffhousen. Every where they were brought about by a band of paltroons, or at least of ignorant burgesses, both turbulent and factious, against the will of the intimidated magistrates, and of the more numerous and peaceable portion of the inhabitants who looked upon these innovations with horror, but whose indignation was arrested and whose zeal was paralyzed, as happens during our own days, by a pretended necessity of avoiding the effusion of blood, and preventing the horrors of a civil war. Thus one party declared an implacable war against their fellow-citizens and every thing that is sacred, while the other was condemned to suffer without resistance all manner of injuries, all manner of hostilities; and this state of triumphant iniquity and of miserable servitude was qualified by the fine name of peace. Every where, except at Schaffhousen, a city which was always distinguished for its tranquillity and the peaceful character of its inhabitants, seditious armed mobs rushed of their own accord to the churches, broke down the altars, burnt the images, destroyed the most magnificent monuments of art, pillaged the sacred vases as well as other objects of value, and put up for public sale at auction the sacred vestments: by such vandalism and by such sacrileges was the religious revolution of the sixteenth century signalized."*

Just imagine that the United States were densely populated and filled with cities, and that the Catholic religion were that of the people; but that a religious revolution had been effected in one of our great cities—say Philadelphia—by violence, sustained by the civil authorities; that there all our churches had been pillaged and desecrated, a part of them burned down and the other part seized on for

*Ibid. pp. 53, 54.

†See ibid. p. 71 seq., for detailed proofs of all this.

*Pp. 62—64.

the Protestant worship; that the frensy spread until similar scenes were enacted in half the cities and towns of our republic; imagine, in a word, the Philadelphia riots, aggravated a hundred fold, extending through half the country, and keeping the people in a state of anarchy and civil war for more than twenty years; imagine our hitherto peaceful republic broken up by discord, and bathed in the blood of its citizens, until at last the fierce rioters sit down in triumph amidst the ruins they had every where strewn around them; and you will then have some faint conception of the rise, progress, and triumph of the Protestant reformation in a large portion of Switzerland! Recent events, both in this country and in Switzerland, have proved that Protestantism has not yet lost all of its original fierceness, and that its turbulent spirit has not been yet entirely subdued by the onward march of refinement and civilization.

As might have been anticipated, the Bernese met with frequent resistance in their efforts to destroy the old religion, and to force the new one on the people. Popular insurrections broke out at Aigle, and in the bailiwicks of Lentzburg, Frutigen, Interlaken and Haut-Siebenthal, as well as in other places. How was this resistance met? It was crushed by main force, probably with a view to demonstrate to all the world how sincerely the Bernese were attached to the great fundamental principles of the reformation,—that each one should read the Bible and judge for himself!

"An *edict of persecution* was issued," says M. de Haller, "which directed that images should be every where broken and altars demolished, as well in the churches as in private houses; *that priests who yet said mass should be every where hunted down*, seized on wherever they could be caught, and put in prison; that every one who spoke badly of the Bernese authorities should be treated in like manner; for, says M. Ruchat, the Catholics of the canton and vicinity *declaimed horribly against them*. In case of relapse, the priests were outlawed and delivered up to public vengeance: in fine, the same edict decreed punishment against all who should sustain these refractory priests (that is, all who remained faithful to the ancient religion), or who afforded them an asylum. A third edict of the 22d December, forbade any one to go into the neighboring cantons to hear mass, under penalty of deprivation for those who held office, and of arbitrary punishment for private individuals."*

* Pp. 57, 58.

Was ever tyranny and persecution carried further than this? And yet this is but one chapter in the history of the Swiss reformation! The same ferocious intolerance was witnessed wherever the reformation made its appearance in the once peaceful and happy land of William Tell. Did our limits permit, we might prove this by facts as undeniable as they are appalling. Those Catholic priests who were not willing to betray their religion, or to sell their conscience for a mess of pottage, were every where thrown into prison or banished the country. They were succeeded by preachers, many of them fugitives from France and Germany, and most of them men of little learning and less piety, remarkable only for a certain boldness and rude popular eloquence or declamation. Men of this stamp, who had suddenly, and often without vocation or ordination, intruded themselves into the holy ministry, could not win or secure the confidence of the people. Accordingly, we find the following candid avowal on the subject in a confidential letter of the minister, Capito, to Farel, written as late as 1537. He says:

"The authority of the ministers is entirely abolished, all is lost, all goes to ruin. The people say to us boldly: you wish to make yourselves the tyrants of the church, you wish to establish a new papacy. God makes me know what it is to be a pastor, *and the wrong we have done the church by the precipitate and inconsiderate vehemence which has caused us to reject the pope.* For the people accustomed to unbounded freedom, and as it were nourished by it, have spurned the reign altogether; they cry out to us: we know enough of the Gospel, what need have we of your help to find Jesus Christ? Go and preach to those who wish to hear you."*

The intolerance of the Protestant party was surpassed only by its utter inconsistency. The glorious privileges of private judgment, of liberty of conscience and of the press, were for ever on their lips; and yet they recklessly trampled them all under their feet! Each one was to interpret the Bible for himself, and yet whoever dared interpret it differently from their excellencies the counsellors of Berne, was punished as an enemy of the government! The counter principle of a union of church and state was even openly avowed and constantly acted on. The council of ministers

* Epistola ad Farel. inter epist. Calvini, p. 5; quoted by de Haller, p. 99, note.

held at Berne in 1532 subscribed a confession of faith drawn up by Capito, in which the following remarkable passages are found.

"The ministers acknowledge *that it is not possible for them to produce any fruit in their church, unless the civil magistrate lend his assistance to advance the good work.* . . . . . Every Christian magistrate ought, in the exercise of his power, to be the lieutenant and minister of God, and to maintain among his subjects the evangelical doctrine and life, so far at least as it is exercised outwardly and is practised in external things."* "The magistrates should then take great care to preserve sound doctrine; to prevent error and seduction, to punish blasphemy and all outward sins affecting religion and conduct, to protect the truth and good morals."†

This forcibly reminds us of the *nursing fathers* so much spoken of even in our American Presbyterian Confession of Faith! As some evidence of the love which the Swiss reformers bore to the liberty of the press and of conscience, take the two following extracts from our author.

"The Bernese, who had talked so much about the liberty of conscience and that of the press while it was question of establishing the reform, then sent deputies to Bâle to complain of the *libels* which were there printed against the dispute of Berne, and they demanded that silence should be imposed on preachers unfavorable to the reform. Thus it is that the Protestants did not wish to allow liberty to any one, so soon as they became the masters. The Bernese deputation was, however, dismissed from Bâle without having attained its object."‡

"In virtue of the freedom of conscience, the triumphant innovators removed all the Catholic counsellors and forbade any one to preach against what they called the reform. At Bâle, in particular, the nobility were driven away, and the Catholic clergy, the chapter, and even the professors of the university, abandoned for ever a city of which they were the ornament and the glory, and which owed to them its lustre and its very existence."§

Those who were guilty of the unpardonable crime of adhering tenaciously and clinging fondly to the time-honored religion of their fathers, were not the only ones who felt the smart of Protestant intolerance in Switzerland. Brother Protestants were also persecuted, if they had the misfortune to believe either more or less than their more enlightened brethren who were orthodox for the time being. The Anabaptists, in particular, were hunted down with a ferocity which is almost inconceivable. The favorite mode of punishing them, especially at Berne, was by *drowning!* This manner of death was deemed the most appropriate, because it was only baptizing them in their own way!* The rivers and lakes which abound in Switzerland often received the dead bodies of these poor deluded men. Sometimes, however, this mode of punishment was dispensed with in favor of others less revolting to humanity.

"Their excellencies of Berne," says M. de Haller, "not being able to convince the Anabaptists, found it much more simple to banish them, or to throw them into the water and drown them. These punishments having, however, rather increased than diminished their number, the council of Berne, being embarrassed, resorted to measures less severe, and *acting under the advice of the ministers,* published on the 2d of March, 1533, an edict announcing that the Anabaptists should be left in peace, *if they would keep their belief to themselves, and maintain silence;* but that if they continued to preach and to keep up a separate sect, they should not be any longer condemned to death, *but only to perpetual imprisonment on* BREAD AND WATER! This was certainly a singular favor. Catholics, who are accused of so much intolerance, had never molested the Zuinglians who had kept their faith to themselves, and even when these openly preached their doctrines from the pulpit, they were not condemned either to death or to perpetual imprisonment on bread and water."†

As we have already said, the progress of the Swiss reformation was every where marked by intrigues, popular commotions, mob violence, and sacrilege. So it was at Geneva, into which the reformation was introduced in the year 1535, chiefly through the intrigues of Berne. It was not Calvin who established the reformation at Geneva; he only reaped the harvest which had been sown by others. The fiery Farel, shielded with the panoply of Berne, and acting in concert with Bernese envoys, had already succeeded there in subverting, to a great extent, the ancient faith. And by what means? We have not room for details, for which we must refer our readers to a very interesting chapter in M. de Haller's history.‡ Suffice it to say, that the whole city was thrown into commotion; that the Catholic churches were violently seized upon, after having been first sacrilegiously defaced and

* De Haller, p. 97. He quotes Ruchat.
† Ib. p. 100. ‡ Pp. 58, 59. § P. 64.

* See pp. 39, 60, *et alibi passim.* † Pp. 153, 154.
‡ Chap. xvi.

desecrated in the hallowed name of religion; that the Catholic clergy were hunted down and forced to fly the city; that nearly half of the population was compelled to emigrate in order to secure themselves peace and freedom of conscience; that even after they had emigrated, their property was confiscated and they were disfranchised in punishment for their having dared to leave the city; that the harmless nuns of St. Clare, after having been long harassed and insulted by the mob, were also compelled to leave their home and to seek shelter elsewhere; that the Catholic church property was seized upon by the reformed party; that, after having filled the whole city and especially the churches with the "abomination of desolation," Farel and his *pious* associates were able to assemble congregations and to preach in only *two* out of the many Geneva churches of which they had obtained possession; that even in these they often preached to empty benches, so great was the horror which all these multiplied sacrileges inspired in the popular mind; and that, finally, the reformation was established in Geneva by the great council, and afterwards by the swords and bayonets of the Bernese army which entered the city in 1536.

Such were the first fruits of the reformation in Geneva! In the county of Vaud, which was invaded and subdued by the Bernese army in the same year, the proceedings were, if possible, still more violent, and the policy still more truculent. Wheresoever the Bernese army marched, there the reformation was established by force of arms. The Bernese bore the sword in one hand and the Bible in the other; and they established the new gospel in Vaud pretty much after the Mohammedan fashion of proselytism!

M. de Haller proves all this by an array of evidence which can not be gainsayed or resisted.* He proves it from the testimony of Ruchat, Mallet, Spon, and other Protestant historians. He furnishes FACTS, with names, dates, and specifications; *facts* as clear as the noonday sun; *facts* which we challenge any one to deny or contravene. And we ask, whether it be at all likely that a reformation effected by such means, was, or could possibly have been, the work of God? Could God have chosen such instruments and such means to effect *his* work? Could he smile on commotions, on riots, on robbery, on impurity, on broken vows, on sacrilege? Gracious heavens! how much do those delude themselves who still cling to the belief that the reformation was the work of God! Well may we address to them, and to all who may chance to read these pages, the emphatic words of St. Augustine prefixed to the title-page of M. de Haller's work: "Let those hear who have not fallen, lest they fall; let those hear who have fallen, that they may rise!"†

If it be alleged that the Catholics too sometimes resorted to violence and appealed to the sword, we answer that they did so, almost without an exception, only in necessary self-defence. Their forbearance amidst all the terrible outrages we have briefly enumerated was indeed wonderful. If they sometimes repelled force by force; if they flew to arms more than once; it was surely competent for them to do so. Their lives were threatened, their property was invaded, their altars were desecrated; and surely, when considerations such as these urged them to buckle on their good swords, they were not only excusable, but they would have been arrant cowards had they not done so. And no one has ever yet dared taunt with cowardice the brave mountaineers of Lucerne, Schwytz, Uri, Unterwald, and Zug, who inherit the faith, the country, and the unconquerable spirit of William Tell. The recent occurrences in Switzerland prove that this spirit has not flagged in the lapse of centuries, that Catholicity is not incompatible with bravery; and that soldiers who pray, both before and after battle, are under the special protection of the great God of battles.

But whoever will read M. de Haller's history must be convinced that the Swiss Catholics were much more forbearing and tolerant than the Swiss Protestants. The former, in general, allowed the latter the free exercise of their religion in places where these were in the minority; whereas there are, indeed, but few instances on record where the latter accorded the same privilege to the former under similar circumstances. Did our limits permit, we might go fully into the comparison, and prove the accuracy of our remark by undeniable evidence

* See p. 271 seqq. and 321 seqq.

* Audiant qui non ceciderunt, ne cadant; Audiant qui ceciderunt, ut surgant.

But we must be content with a marginal reference,* and with the following touching anecdote, the scene of which is laid in the city of Soleure.

The Protestant party had sought to gain the ascendency in this place, by entirely overthrowing the Catholic religion. For this purpose they seized upon the moment when nearly all the members of the council were absent, for entering into a conspiracy to take possession of "the arsenal and of the Franciscan church, to surprise the priests in their bed, and to massacre all the Catholics in case of resistance."† The conspiracy was, however, discovered to the *avoyer*, or chief magistrate, left in charge of the city, Nicholas de Wengi; and he took every prudent precaution against the meditated attack. On the 30th day of October, 1533, at one hour after midnight, the conspirators rushed to the assault, but they were amazed to find nearly half the city turned out ready to receive them, and to defend themselves to the last extremity. After a sharp encounter in which the arsenal was successively taken and re-taken, without, however, any effusion of blood, the conspirators were driven off. But, though beaten off, these had not yet given up the contest. They retired beyond the bridge, and having intrenched themselves, began to insult the Catholics. Indignant, the latter rushed to the arsenal, brought a cannon to bear upon the Protestant intrenchment, and fired one shot, but without effect. Just as they were preparing to fire another, the venerable *avoyer* Wengi rushed, out of breath, before the cannon's mouth, and exclaimed: "beloved and pious fellow-citizens, if you wish to fire against the other side, I will be your first victim; consider better the state of things."‡ His interposition was effectual; calm was restored; and the insurgents left the city.

We will conclude this paper, already long enough, by glancing rapidly at the war of Cappell in 1531, the first great religious war that ever was waged in Switzerland.§ And we do this because it seems to us that there is a striking parallelism between this first and the last religious war to which we have already alluded. In both, the Catholics acted strictly on the defensive; in both, Lucerne was at the head of the Catholic party; in both, the Catholics were triumphant; in both, the genuine children of Tell proved themselves worthy of him, of their ancestral glory, of their country.

In the beginning of the year 1531, the Protestant cantons, and especially Zurich, flagrantly violated the treaty concluded in 1529, by which the Catholic and Protestant cantons had mutually promised not to molest or interfere with one another on account of religion. After having fomented troubles in various districts partly under the control of the Catholic cantons, Zurich at length openly invaded the territory of St. Gall, and issued a decree forbidding the five neighboring Catholic cantons to trade with her subjects in corn and salt. The object of this embargo was to cut off from the Catholic mountaineers the supplies which they had been in the habit of deriving by commerce from those living in the plains, and thereby *to starve them* into acquiescence in the glorious work of the reformation! Zuingle and the preachers openly clamored for the blood of the Catholics, in their public harangues in Zurich! Here is an extract from one of the great Swiss reformer's sermons, delivered on the 21st Sept., 1531:

"Rise up, attack; the five cantons are in your power. I will march at the head of your ranks, and the nearest to the enemy. Then you will feel the power of God, for when I shall harangue them with the truth of the word of God, and shall say: whom seek you, O ye impious! then, seized with terror and with panic, they will not be able to answer, but they will fall back, and will take to flight, like the Jews on the mountain of Olives at the word of Christ. You will see that the artillery which they will direct against us, will turn against themselves, and will destroy them. Their pikes, their halberds, and their other arms, shall not hurt you, but will hurt them."†

This discourse was printed and circulated; but alas for the prophetic faculty of the reformer! The event falsified his prediction in every particular. And, as Zuingle himself marked the preparations the five cantons were making for the coming struggle, his own heart failed him; and the lately inspired prophet of God dwindled down into a miserable paltroon, overcome by terror, and pretending to have had strange presentiments, and observed strange signs in the heavens! Nevertheless, the Zurichers compelled him to march at their head to

* De Haller, pp. 72, 150 *note*, 156, 272, &c.
‡ P. 157. ‡ P. 159.
§ There had been some troubles in 1529, which were, however, settled without much effusion of blood.

† Quoted by de Haller, p. 78, 79, note.

the village of Cappell near the confines of the hostile cantons. Here the two armies encountered; but fiery and fanatical as were the Zuinglians, they could not withstand the impetuous charge of the brave Swiss mountaineers. These carried every thing before them. The Zurichers took to flight in great disorder, with the loss of "nineteen cannon, four stands of colors, all their baggage, and of at least fifteen hundred men, among whom were twenty-seven magistrates, and FIFTEEN PREACHERS."* Zuingle, the apostle of Switzerland, fell, sword in hand, fighting the battles of the Lord, as never apostle had fought them before!

The Zurichers, however, recovered from their fright in a few days, and on the 21st of October,† "having been reinforced by their allies of Saint Gall, of Toggenburg, of Thurgovia, and even of the Grisons, of Berne, of Bâle, and of Soleure, they again attacked the Catholics with very superior forces; but they were *a second time* defeated at the mountain of Zug, and took to flight in disorder, abandoning their artillery, their money, and their baggage."‡

The Catholic army now marched in triumph almost to the very walls of Zurich, after having *a third time* defeated the Zurichers, and driven them from their position.§ The Zuinglians were now disposed to accede to the terms of peace proposed by the Catholic cantons. The treaty bound the Zurichers "to leave the five cantons, with their allies and adherents, from the present to all future time, in peaceable possession of *their ancient, true, and undoubted Christian faith*, without molesting or importuning them with disputes or chicanery, and renouncing all evil intentions, stratagems, and *finesse*; and that, on their side, the five cantons would leave the Zurichers and their adherents free in their belief; that in the common districts, of which the cantons were co-sovereigns, the parishes which had embraced the *new faith*, might retain it if it suited them, that those which had not yet renounced the *ancient faith* would also be free to retain it, and that, in fine, those who should wish to return to the *true and ancient Christian faith* would have the right to do so."* The Zurichers farther bound themselves to pay or rather to restore to the five cantons the money which the latter had expended in the difficulties of 1529, and to replace, at their own expense, the ornaments destroyed or forcibly taken from the different churches during the preceding years.

Thus terminated the war of Cappell. It left the Catholics in the ascendent, and contributed more than any thing else to check the headlong progress of the Swiss reformation.

* P. 79, 80.
† The battle of Cappell was fought on the 11th of October.
‡ P. 81. § P. 83.
* P. 85.

CHRIST HEALING THE SICK.

WRITTEN ON RETURNING FROM A VISIT TO WEST'S PAINTING.

"And the blind and the lame came to him in the temple, and he healed them.
"And when the chief priests and the scribes saw the wonderful things that he did, and the children crying in the temple, and saying 'Hosanna to the Son of David,' they were moved with indignation."—*Matt.* xxi, 14, 15.

TREAD lightly here, for 'tis a solemn scene,
And fills the spirit with a holy fear!
Teaching the proudest in his strength, to lean
On hopes supernal. Silently draw near—
Mark well each figure, scan the whole design,
And read the moral: Mercy, love divine!

See the young mother with appealing eyes,
While, closely nestled to her throbbing breast
Her feeble, drooping, dying infant lies,
And catch the language in her glance expressed!

We almost hear the supplication wild,
"Master! in mercy, heal—oh, heal my child!"

And here—her brow with wakeful watching worn,
And limbs that falter on their weary way—
Another mother, for her youngest born—
Her best loved boy—the same kind aid would pray:
"E'en from his birth, his sufferings have been great;
Relieve him, Master! from this dreadful state!"

Next the fond father, with his sightless child,
In silence presses to the hallowed place;
One hand he raises in entreaty mild,
While gazing mutely on that sacred face,
And on the temple of the patient maid,
Behold! the other eloquently laid!

What need of *words* his bitter grief to tell?
Yet, strong in faith, he comes relief to find
From Him who brake but now the same dark spell,
And sight bestowed on yonder man, born blind;
Amazed, and grateful, see him kneeling there,
Convinced that God, the omnipotent, is near.

A maniac boy is in the distance seen,
In struggles fierce with those who bear him on;
The palsied woman, with her painful mien,
Through kind assistance, has his presence won!
Prompted by hope, what varied ills are brought
To test a faith by miracles thus taught!

Wasted by suffering—victim of despair—
A man is laid before the Healer's feet;
His friends surround him; wife and child are near,
And each, in turn, these heartfelt words repeat:
"Save him, good Master! health and strength restore—
Our best, our loved one—save him, we implore!"

They come; they come, the thickly gathering throng—
The halt, the blind, the maimed—*all* onward press
The lofty temple's columned aisles along,
To catch the accents which they feel will bless;
While priests surprised, and haughty scribes look on,
And children shout the wonders that are done!

O 'tis a scene which calls upon the heart
For all its sympathy with human wo,
While every grateful pulse must thrilling start,
In love to Him from whom such mercies flow;
Healing is on his breath, while in his eyes,
For fallen man, what deep compassion lies!

Aye! 'tis a glorious picture, which can bring
Solace and hope to every human grief,
Teaching the heart, with martyr-strength, to cling,
In every trial, to its fixed belief;
Thrice happy they who, *seeing*, thus have thought!
But happier those whom faith alone hath taught!

Pause then, and gaze! for 'tis a scene to wake
Reflection, hope, and joy within the soul;
We know the love, which here its mandates spake,
Still o'er the world exerts its blest control;
Then here, in spirit, should not we too kneel,
And crave that mercy which our woes can heal?

Should we not take the artist's lesson home,
And own the influence of his great design,
Which plainly bids each burdened bosom come,
And lay its trials at those feet divine!
Showing where love eternal may be found,
To soothe each suffering, and to heal each wound. MOÏNA.

ST. LOUIS, Mo.

THE COMPANY OF JESUS.

On the Life and Institute of the Jesuits. By the Rev. Father de Ravignan, of the Company of Jesus. Translated by Charles Seager, M. A. Philadelphia: William J. Cunningham. 1845.

"YOU shall be hated by all men for my name's sake," said our divine Saviour, when, about to separate from his disciples, he gave them his instructions and admonitions; and the history of the church is a continuous fulfilment of the prophecy. Never, in any age, has there been a follower of Jesus peculiarly devoted to his service, or a body of men who have given themselves up, without reservation, to his sweet yoke, upon whom the iron rod of worldly vengeance has not fallen with unsparing violence? It is the destiny of his children. They are to be tried with the seven-fold heated furnace of hatred and calumny, by the fury of human hearts stirred up to actual persecution under the cover of law, and where the hand of law can not be made to grasp the bloody scourge, by the unsparing cruelty of popular outrage. They are to be tried, that they may be purified. They are to be crushed down, and trampled under foot, that the precious odor of their patience, and humility, and purity of heart, like the sweet scent of the bruised flower, may arise and fill the earth with its heavenly fragrance. They are to be persecuted, that they may become perfect, like to their Master, bearing in silence the cross of scorn, of calumny, of violence. And surely and earnestly has this destiny, in all ages, been accomplishing, but never has the prophecy been so closely fulfilled as in the history of the Jesuits. From the very inception of their society they have been the subjects of persecution; of the persecution, at times, of the rack and the dungeon, and the constant, but not less bitter, persecution of falsehood and calumny. They are hated for his name's sake. Their name has come to mean, in the vocabulary of thousands, every thing that is dark, and sinuous, and unfaithful; it has come to be a name of opprobrium, a charge of crime; its possession a token of depravity. It is not now, for the first time, that the name of *Jesus Christ* has brought scorn, and detestation, and ignominy, and death upon those who have chosen it as their distinctive appellation. It is not now, for the first time, that his followers, who have quitted the hopes and pleasures of the world, and enlisted under his holy name, have been compelled to bear the burden of his heavy cross. The world is too jealously vindictive, ever to forgive those brave souls who have

preferred their salvation to its sinful joys. They who enrolled themselves particularly under the name of *Jesus* were to suffer as had done those who first received their name from Christ. Time was when the name of *Christian* was the name of a slave, of a criminal; when it was a term of fouler reproach than that of *Jesuit;* when it meant, in the mouth of enemies, crime and ignominy; when it, too, was the rallying cry of excited mobs, the stirrer up of popular violence, the sure and inevitable passport to death: "To the lions with the Christians."

The spirit of the old opponents of Christianity is not dead; it slumbers not; but it is transformed. It was grand—it was terrific!—in its early power. It made countless glorious martyrs. It animated the mighty eagle of imperial Rome. With sharp beak and bloody talons, it boldly and openly destroyed the bodies of its victims. It could not reach the soul. It is changed. It animates the wily serpent of *philosophy;* and, in its transmigration, it has preserved its ancient malice, while it has exchanged the grandeur of the eagle for the slime and cunning of the reptile. It assails the soul. The spirit of infidelity never sleeps; it is ever at work, secretly and stealthily, as it were, but the foul traces of its sinuous path are indelible. It coils into many a heart, and, even when it passes forth, it leaves its slime behind. It endeavors to destroy, by defaming the defenders of the church. Its forked tongue is ever spitting forth foul calumny, and for the first objects of its poisonous hate, mindful of its olden conflicts and undying malice, it has selected those who bear the name of *Jesus* as the designation of their society.

The assailants of the *company of Jesus* have given glorious testimony to the energy, the spirit, the learning, the piety, and the unwavering courage of the Jesuits. The quenchless hatred of the foes of the church is their unfading crown of glory. In the eyes of these men every zealous priest is a Jesuit, every pious Catholic is a Jesuit, every ardent, faithful, true-hearted son of the church is a Jesuit. Yes, it *is* true, these slanderers are right; it is no falsehood that they utter; they are right, but they are right unwittingly. It is truth, and it is falsehood. Every true priest, every zealous priest, every good priest *is* a Jesuit; every true, pious, humble, patient, and resigned Catholic *is* a Jesuit—a follower of Jesus—not a member of the "*Company of Jesus,*" bound by its vows, and submissive to its rules, but a follower of Jesus, the humble, the meek, the much calumniated, the persecuted, of him who prayed in his last hour for the forgiveness of his enemies. They are of the company of Jesus, in that they are pure of heart, and obedient to the commands of their Saviour. They are members of *his* company in that they are imitators of his life, and followers in his footsteps. But these, aye, thousands, who are thus worthy of persecution, who are happy enough to have won opprobrium for his name's sake, do not all belong to the Society of Jesus, are not all Jesuits. The church is not so poor that she has none but the members of one society who are worthy of hatred, worthy of persecution for the sake of their Master's name, worthy of the undying malice of the philosopher and the infidel, of the enemies of the Gospel of Christ. She is not without millions of such Jesuits—such followers of Jesus—*and she never will be.*

But the rancorous assailant of the "Company" means not this; he really believes, or pretends to believe, that they are members of the society, that they are the enrolled soldiers, the rank and file of that terrific army of which the Jesuit priest is the officer; that army which, like a secret society, extends its numberless ramifications over the whole land, preparing slowly, silently, but surely, to bring all things under their dominion; that all are unhesitating servants, obedient without question, to the will of their master; that they profess doctrines the most iniquitous, are governed by rules of conduct the most infamous, and influenced by a code of morals the most loose and licentious; that the bowl and the dagger are their play-things. No crime, in the mouths of these wretched men, is too dark for a Jesuit; no villainy too foul for a Jesuit; no scheme too deeply woven for a Jesuit. Such are the horrific pictures which the enemies of the Society of Jesus have painted of its members, and such pictures the diseased imaginations of an ignorant and deluded people have readily and indelibly received. According to these men, were the fiend to appear on earth, it would be in the guise of a Jesuit! Well! it is not strange; it is not new; it was said of old by the scoffer, and the defamer,

and the calumniator, of ONE the purest and the holiest that ever sanctified this earth, who was purity and holiness, who was God, "that by Beelzebub, the prince of devils, he cast out devils." He was a traitor; he conspired against Cæsar; he sought to overthrow the existing order of things; he was a seducer of the people, and exciter of sedition; he was a servant of the devil, worse than the robber and the murderer, and they crucified him. *"If the world hate you, know ye that it hath hated me before you!"* It is not new; near two thousand years ago hatred and malice made use of the same weapons which they use to this day; they used calumny and falsehood. The Saviour of the world, Jesus, was the victim; the *Jesuit* need not *wish* to escape. He was meek and silent; *they* complain not; but it is for their *friends* to defend them from their reckless calumniators. "You shall be hated by all men for my name's sake, but a hair of your head shall not perish. In your patience you shall possess your souls." One part of the prophecy has been fulfilled in them, as in all other members of the church—the foes of Christianity have brought about its consummation—they should remember that the other is not destined to fail. They have persecuted, they can not exterminate; they have calumniated, they can not destroy. In the midst of storms, and danger, and death, the persecuted have "possessed their souls in peace." Thus has it been with the church since its foundation; thus, too, with the members of the company of Jesus, as a portion of that church, sharing with its other members its opprobrium, its glory, and its promises. Every where assailed, the society every where stood firm; every where trampled upon, it only rose from the earth with renewed power, and strength, and vigor; every where slandered and calumniated, it came forth from the ordeal of slander and calumny, purer and brighter, and radiant with celestial glory. It seemed to have caught something of immortality from the church in whose bosom it was nourished. The blows which were aimed at its very life only served to chasten its suffering members, and to strengthen and invigorate the whole; stricken down and wounded, as it were, to death, by those in whose defence it was so faithfully contending, its existence was preserved by the hand of Providence, until the day when it revived into the power of its olden time, strengthened and tried by adversity, glorious with an unexampled triumph, and gifted, it seemed, with an inextinguishable vitality. Fresh from the tomb in which its enemies fondly dreamed they had laid it, bound for evermore in the iron arms of death, it came forth, after its seeming slumber, with its old spirit, and invincible courage, and faithful zeal, and with new heart and new strength, recruiting its forces every where, from the best and holiest, and rallied under the banner of the faith, once more doing battle, as of old, unconquerably, in the cause of truth.

Its early history was full of trial and difficulty; its later has not been more free from toil, and struggle, and suffering. In its origin it evinced the providence of God; in every subsequent age it has continued to fulfil its mission. Its members were of no one nation, and of no peculiar tongue. They were of the world, and the scope and limit of their efforts was the whole human race. No province, no state, no kingdom, no continent was destined to be the sole and favored field of their labors, but every portion of the earth was to be, in time, the recipient of the benefits which they were to carry with them. In the first ten, the sons of five nations were enrolled, gathered by providential influence at Paris, around the feet of the first of their number, and their founder, Ignatius, the noble knight and saint. It was a stern hour in which he came, like a steel-clad champion, clothed in the invulnerable armor of humility and prayer, with his children clustering around him, bearing the banner of the Saviour far into the crowded ranks of the assailing foe. He was still the knightly warrior, courtly, brave, unyielding; but the spirit of his chivalry had changed. The weapons which he bore were prayer, and fasting, and almsdeeds, chastity, and purity of life, voluntary poverty, implicit obedience. His arm was no longer raised to destroy, but stretched forth to the assistance of his suffering brethren; his foe, henceforth, was sin and error. He was a soldier; he stamped his spirit upon his company, and they girded up their loins for battle.

The reformation had taken fast hold of Germany; its principles had been sown in France and Switzerland; it had secured adherents in Spain and Italy; England was infested with

its heresies. It was eating, like a canker, into the heart of the church. False priests, and false bishops, sordid men who loved the pleasures of the world, and who had grown restless under the privations and self-denials which the discipline of the church required—apostate monks, and thousands of deluded followers were, daily and hourly, casting off the yoke of obedience—for it is a heavy one to fallen nature—and sacrificing their faith to their passions and the love of ease. Unrestrained by fear or hope, or the love of God, they gave themselves up to the work of destroying that church which had been built up by the wisdom and power of the Almighty. Those who should have been the defenders, became the assailants of the faith; those who should have died its martyrs, became its persecutors; its natural defenders, Judas-like, betrayed it with pretended love. Buried in inglorious ease, too many of its soldiers slumbered calmly on their posts. Corruption had done its work, and the corrupted heart became hostile or indifferent. It was the corruption of men, who should have been holy and pure of life, that set it in motion; that same corruption of heart was the spring which gave it each new accession from the ranks of the faithful. To the eye of man, it was an hour of fearful peril, full of terrific possibilities. It seemed as if the power of the church was about to be overthrown, and cast down; as if her faith, and doctrines, and discipline were about to perish; as if the gates of hell had already triumphed. But the rock had not mouldered; it had not failed. It had been darkened and disfigured by evil hearts, until some of its children had become stains upon it, and festered in the sun-rays of its prosperity; but the raging storms that dashed their furious waves against its unyielding sides, swept back with them into the dark gulf from which they came, the filth and stains from its impenetrable surface, and the noble structure, the church, the work of God, still reared itself above the raging elements, upon its firm foundation, washed clean, unstained, more proudly beautiful, still undestroyed and indestructible. The assaults of heresy but won corrupted hearts; their loss increased the strength and beauty of the church. But it was long before these stormy waves returned to their abyss—they yet wash darkly round its base, in vain attempts to undermine its rock, and gladly catching in their waters the polluted members cast from the heights above—long before the sun of hope dawned brightly. The conflict was terrific, and error already seemed to have won the victory. But God was with his people. It has been ever thus.

His hand, as of old upon the Galilean waters, is ever outstretched to save the successor of St. Peter when seeming, like the apostle, to sink in the raging surges around him. In every hour of peril to his holy church he has reared up saints and doctors to defend her: in the days of the reformation he gave her many and powerful champions, and not among the least of these were St. Ignatius and his companions.

Yielding up their own wills to the guidance of their superiors in all that was not sin, vowed to individual poverty and to perpetual chastity, giving up the affections and the things of this world, they held themselves in readiness to go forth at any moment upon any mission. Penal laws could not stop their path, popular violence found them meek and unresisting victims, yet pressing ever onward in the fulfilment of their holy duties. Death might stare them in the face—it was welcome; it bore with it an immortal crown: death by law, death by popular violence, upon sea or shore, what mattered it to them; its end was the same. "I can pass to heaven as easily by water as by land," exclaimed Jaius, one of the nine companions, as the excited rabble threatened to cast him into the Danube,* and he continued to lecture and preach boldly and openly in defence of the Catholic faith. He was sent; he remained until he was recalled—a soldier upon his post, he would not leave it like a recreant.

Deeply learned, well tried in endurance and patience of spirit by the previous training of the stern soldier's "exercises,"—skilled in the weapons of controversy, practised in the workings of the soul by their own inward spiritual examinations, they opposed an unbroken front to the assaults of heresy, and were ever to be found in the foremost ranks of the true spirits who resisted its fiercest inroads.

They were scarcely formed and organized before they were dispersed throughout the

* "Respondebat intrepidus in cœlum se tam facile aqua quam terra ire posse." See Dr. Pise's Ignatius and his First Companions," p. 291.

world, sentinels upon the outposts of Catholicity, wherever converts were to be made, or wherever the conflict was the hottest. They entered Germany and France and Ireland and England, and the infected cities of Italy; they fortified Spain and Portugal: they penetrated into Asia and Africa, and wheresoever they went they stemmed the tide of error, and often succeeded in driving back for ever its noxious waters. They won thousands of the fallen, back to the true faith. They brought powerful kingdoms within the fold of Christianity. Wherever the storm was most furious there was the Jesuit manfully breasting himself to its rage. It always broke full upon them.

Their learning and purity of life—their self-devotion, and their rapidly increasing numbers soon made them the most formidable of all the opponents of error. Before the death of Ignatius, fifteen years from the foundation of the society, it numbered one hundred colleges.* Its children had preached the Gospel in every land, had penetrated into India, China, and Japan, had turned the idolater from his idol, and worshipper of the sun from his helpless deity, had explored the new world, and carried thither the light of learning and civilization, with the pure and holy light of Christianity. Few lands are there won from heathen darkness, and in which the cross of Christ flourishes, where Jesuit hands did not help to cultivate the harvest, and Jesuit blood nourish and enrich the soil.

It is not strange that this fearless and untiring body—this company of Jesus who resisted so successfully the efforts of those who sought to destroy his church, should have been hated and persecuted by the reformers whom they opposed; but it is strange that they should have found enemies among the Catholics in defence of whose faith they were so energetically and devotedly contending. Perhaps in the providence of God this trial was given them to preserve them from the sins of spiritual pride and of self exaltation, to keep them in humility and constant watchfulness over themselves. They were assailed by the doctors of the Sorbonne, but in time they overcame that opposition by proving to their opponents the injustice of the assault, and their own innocence.† They were assailed by "men of loose morals," because they were stern and rigid in their own, and reproved without fear the evil and the backsliding which they saw. Such enemies were a title of praise.* They were assailed by the schoolmaster, the mercenary priest, and the professor, because the fame of their colleges drew away students from all other schools of learning. But the crowning honor of their persecution was the bitter, and, as time has proved, the undying hatred of the reformers. If they were hostile to all Catholics and to their faith, they were doubly hostile to that army of bold and skilful champions who every where stood forth fearlessly in defence of the church. Upon them their hatred concentrated, and it was the hatred of the whole Protestant world. In the whole Protestant world the followers of Loyola were to be found contending with the varied and every varying foe. With Lutheranism on the banks of the Rhine, with Calvinism in the mountains of Switzerland and in the cities of France, with the church of Englandism, with the Independents, with every different form of error that pervaded the earth. And this hatred increased by communication, and accumulated as years passed, for passing years gave each new food in the renewed exertions of the Jesuits in behalf of truth. It became traditionary. Men handed it down to their children as a hereditary feud, nor did it lose any of its ferocity in the descent. It grew. Its wild tales became almost supernatural as the past rolled farther off into dim forgetfulness—this hatred looming darker and more mysterious in the distance of tradition. The silent, humble, and submissive Jesuit was to them the stern, ruthless fanatic, or the scheming hypocrite, making virtue and vice and religion and the souls of men subservient to his dark purposes.

The philosopher and the infidel, furious from the unconquerable resistance of the Jesuits to his insidious assaults, gave the power of his eloquence and his skilful pen to aid in their destruction. The drama was infected, and the stage became the vehicle of abuse. The press sent forth its countless sheets teeming with falsehood and misrepresentation—it does so still. The populace, ignorant and unenlightened, caught up the cry—it lost nothing

* Dr. Pise, p. 68.

† Dr. Pise, p. 361.

* Ibid. p. 58, &c., which see for much interesting matter concerning the society, set forth in Dr. Pise's usual agreeable style.

of its fury in their hands. The friends of the Jesuit despaired; it seemed as if their enemies had triumphed. They had been suppressed in France :* a bull† for their general dissolution was at last issued to take effect wheresoever it might be promulgated. From the day of their suppression in France dates the triumph of infidelity—year by year the progress of libertinism became more rapid. It struck at the root of civil order, at the truths of religion, at the very belief in the existence of the Deity. It brought the king to the scaffold—it shed the blood of the nobles, priests, and people. It held unresisted sway, and the fierce shouts of its frenzied orgies rang throughout France. The flood swept wildly on, for, in an unguarded hour, the strongest barriers had been removed. But their enemies were deceived. The society was not destroyed—it was not dead—it slept. In a remote province‡ the decree of dissolution had not been published—its enemies gnashed their teeth in rage—they were foiled in the hour of seeming triumph. The mighty heart of the great company still beat with the small stream of life, bound up, as it were, in lifeless numbers, weak and almost powerless—yet fated to revive and glow with health and strength and energy. In its revival it set about the great work of combating infidelity and error once more wheresoever it found them. It has not yet reached the degree of strength it once possessed, but it is growing with its wonted rapid growth. In the day of its greatest prosperity it numbered twenty-two thousand members—it possessed countless houses and innumerable colleges and schools. In its revival it was poor and weak, and its members few in number. It had to set about the work of rebuilding its colleges, its schools, and houses. It was destitute. But it has nobly done its work. Its schools and colleges are surpassed by none—they have sustained the old renown of the society for learning. Its missions are spread again over the world. It is once more fulfilling its destination. It numbers three thousand members.

But is not to be supposed that all this could have been brought about without the stirring up of old calumnies—without the rapid addition of new ones. The Jesuits of to-day have not fared better than the Jesuits of one hundred years ago, of two hundred years ago, of three hundred years ago, and, from the violence of their enemies, to follow the rule of their great founder, we may suppose that their condition is flourishing and very prosperous, that they are again the instruments of incalculable good. In France, in Switzerland, they are assailed—they are threatened with the violence of the law, or the violence of the mob. In Ireland and England they exist by sufferance. In Germany and in America they are enduring the racking torture of public obloquy and vituperation. The press is a mighty engine for good: in the hands of unprincipled men it becomes terrific for evil, and a large portion of the press—not the most respectable, thank God—in all these countries is teeming with calumny and abuse against the Jesuits. Old exploded falsehoods, oft refuted charges, are searched up from the past and given forth anew as well substantiated facts. We have "*standing heads*" of the "Jesuit's oath," the "secreta monita," the "Jesuit morality," and a thousand silly tales to follow them. Fiction has taken the thing in hands, and, as fiction is never at a loss for a respectable quantity of facts with any degree of authenticity which may be required, it has been remarkably successful in its way, especially with those who are silly enough to believe it. The novelist has undertaken to furnish his paid-for weekly quota of falsehood and abuse. Eugene Sue and his Wandering Jew*—they run and rhyme together admira-

*1762. †1773.

‡ Wonderful, indeed, was the preservation of the society in Russia, and more wonderful in its instrument, the proud but resolute empress. Every means was used to change her determination—persuasion, secret intrigue, bribery of her ministers. Discovering this attempt, she ordered the money to be brought to her, saying: "I will keep your money and my Jesuits." She baffled every effort of their enemies, turning the decrees which were obtained from the pope for their destruction to their advantage, and the society continued to exist in her dominions. Many of the Jesuits who found their way to the United States were formed in the novitiate of Russia. We understand an excellent manuscript history of the "suppression" is to be found at Georgetown college.

* Sue's book is principally founded upon the operations of the society through persons whom he calls "*Jesuits of the short robe*,"—members of the society, according to him, who live in the world and mingle in society, in professions, trades, occupations, &c. This idea is very extensively received among Protestants, and we saw it with regret asserted in a late letter of a French correspondent of the U. S. Gazette; but nothing can be more false. It is utterly without foundation. Sue's work is full of gross absurdities and falsehoods and misrepresentations, and, although it is a fiction, there is a large portion of it which he means to advance as truth. Among many other absurdities, he

bly—fit companions—both wanderers from truth and justice—both deicides in heart and deed—will doubtless be good authority with many. Sue is perhaps less guilty than his employers—the infidel press of France. He is an author—he lives by the sale of his pen—the Jesuits have never stooped to buy the silence or the praises of any man. He sold his genius to their enemies. Perhaps the advocacy of such a man would have been a sorer blow to the society than all his abuse—it might have rendered them suspicious. We can scarcely imagine a greater misfortune for them than the praise of an author who has made it his business to fill so many pages per week with so much vice and horrible iniquity dressed in gaudy and seductive colorings—at so many franks the page—who has raked up the sinks of Paris—its hells of sin and shame, and unblushingly portrayed their minutest foulness, gloating, as it were, over the horrid picture—who is one of the most immoral writers of the day. Sue has been all along assailing virtue and religion, it naturally led him to assails the Jesuits; he was not unwilling to receive his price from their opponents.

The French Jesuits have done much good for France; they are willing to do yet more. They are ready to suffer, but, in the name of religious liberty, they claim the right of freedom of conscience which the charter of France professes to secure, the right to lead that kind of life which they conscientiously believe may best conduce to religious perfection.* They are Frenchmen: they devote themselves to certain religious duties. For the sake of *spiritual* freedom they deposit their freedom of will in indifferent things in the hands of their superiors—they govern their days by certain rules, and fill them with certain occupations; with study, with teaching, with administering the consolations of religion. They take certain vows. They do all this willingly. They ask nothing from France but liberty, freedom of conscience. If theirs be a slavery, it is a holy and a willing one; rather than be relieved they will quit France. But in the meanwhile these quiet, submissive Jesuits, "two hundred and six in all France," have been unceasingly at work in the cause of religion; they have won thousands from the standard of infidelity. It is for this that their destruction is sought after. They may suffer for a little while—long enough to rally the mighty energies of a Catholic people; and the bonds will be broken. "The sons of the crusaders will not retreat before the offspring of Voltaire."* This persecution may be productive of unlooked for good.

America owes many benefits to the Jesuits. In both hemispheres they were heralds of good to the poor savage; their name to this day is dear to his heart. The soul of the philanthropist melts at the name of Paraguay. Three hundred thousand natives, civilized without the vices of civilization, pious, happy, and contented, gave to the world a glorious refutation of the slanders of unprincipled enemies. In the north, in Canada, on the shores of the great lakes, along the western rivers, by the mighty Mississippi, they furnished missionaries and martyrs to the church. They won the Indian to Christianity. The unconquerable Iroquois, the wild Huron, the tribes of the Algonquin, after a long and fierce resistance, overcome by their piety and zeal and indefatigable perseverance in preaching and in suffering, bowed their heads to the yoke of Christ, and cast themselves at the foot of his cross. Their labors of two hundred years ago are producing fruit to-day; the descendants of many of these convert-tribes still live good Christians by the graves of their fathers, and the traditionary fame of the good black gown, carried by the wandering Iroquois, who fled from extermination before the onward march of the Anglo-Saxon race, and cherished in the hearts of the simple Indians, urged them to seek for one of those good fathers of whom they had heard so much. Many a thousand miles they sent their delegations, twice failing but at last successful, and the Jesuit DeSmet set forth upon his weary path towards the Rocky Mountains. He traverses a boundless prairie, swims rapid rivers, crosses deserts, climbing steep and dangerous mountains, threads his way through narrow and rugged passes. He dares toil and death in a thousand ways.

rescues a young Jesuit from *crucifixion* in the Rocky Mountains at the moment when the *Indians* are about to *scalp him* as he hangs on the cross. To follow him through his mistakes in facts, localities, and utter departure from probabilities, would require more time and space than his infamous and infidel production is worth. It is so extravagant and "*wandering*" that it must fail to do the evil its author intended it should effect.

* De Ravignan.

* Montalembert.

He is doing the Jesuit's holiest, noblest work: he is searching after souls. He wins thousands to the faith. He is in the apostolate. In Switzerland, a Catholic canton called the Jesuits to take charge of her colleges; in a moment the infidels were up in arms—religion would triumph with Jesuit colleges: the increase of the Catholics, already great, would become greater: their own power would be overthrown. They sought to abrogate all religion, and they commenced with the Jesuits.* For once the hopes of the evangelicals rested upon the firmness of the Jesuits, upon the courage and military spirit of the Catholic people. For once, strange and incredible as it may appear, their hearts were with the success of the Catholic arms. Catholicity was the first assailed by those whose object was to destroy Christianity. Glorious testimony to the beauty and purity of the church, and the undying zeal of the Jesuit. Heaven smiled upon the gallant Catholic mountaineers—the old Tell cantons were victorious—they vindicated the fame of their fathers.

In all ages of the church have been exemplified every state and condition of its being—its struggling missions, its apostolate among the heathens, its trials, its perils and persecution, its martyrs, its saints, its glory, and its triumph. It is ever thus renewing the past, recalling to the memory of its children that it is the church militant, the church struggling, the church teaching the Gospel to all nations until the consummation, and thus giving testimony to her truth and her likeness to her divine Founder. No portion can escape its turn of suffering. Yesterday it was the Irish and the English Catholic—to-day it is the American, the French, the Polish, and the Swiss—to-morrow they may come forth more prosperous and more glorious from the trial. It is dawning already for the American and the Swiss. The brute force of mob violence has been crushed by the strong hands and firm hearts of freedom resolved to defend their rights, in the other by the *favor of public opinion!* In both republics they may have ceased to dread the persecution of violence; in both, they must yet continue to suffer the persecution of slander and calumny, and in this persecution the Jesuit every where receives the largest share. He has his part in the persecutions of the church, in her missions, in her splendor and prosperity.

The enemies of the Jesuit charge him with ambition; yes, he is ambitious of "the greater glory God. He is unscrupulous—yes, he scruples not to suffer all things for the gratification of that ambition. He is silent and reserved: yes, he is engaged in prayer and meditation. He never smiles—ah, we have seen a smile of heavenly import playing around the lips of many a venerable priest of the company of Jesus, that told of such love and charity for all men, as would have been incomprehensible to the ice-bound hearts of their maligners. He is sinuous, intriguing, wily. No, he is meek and patient, yet untiring and full of zeal in a righteous cause. He is an abject slave to his superiors. No, he has chosen a noble freedom, devoted himself in the cause of a glorious liberty, the liberty of a Christian—of a pious religious—he is bound by voluntary vows, well tried before he has been admitted to profess them—he has chosen willingly, let him alone. He has chosen true liberty—he has renounced the slavery of the world and sin. He has bound himself down to servitude in good. 'But he has committed every crime.' Name them, name them. Thus is it with the enemies of the Jesuits. Their virtues are strained into faults, and these charges failing, as they must, they resort to this last weapon of malignity, and endeavor to support such necessary assertions by the aid of falsehood. It can not succeed. It is not easy to crush a man, or body of men, by calumny in this country. The reaction must come at last—though in the meanwhile they continue to be the victims."* The people have a feeling of justice about them, which will prevail. The educated Protestant has learned to appreciate the erudition of the Jesuits; the benefits of their system of instruction, a system common to all our Catholic colleges in this country—and to profit by them. And able and eloquent Protestants, of liberal minds, have at times been found to undertake their defence. Bancroft bears eloquent testimony to their virtues, their zeal in the cause of religion, their learning, and their unconquerable courage. When the Jesuit is the theme of his pen, his heart seems lifted up, and warmed, with a spark of enthusiasm, caught,

* See the letter of "Cæsar Malan, D.D.," a Protestant clergyman, in Switzerland.

* Bishop Hughes' letter to Mayor Harper.

as it were, from the ardent fires which burned in the breasts of those whom he describes. Their glorious spirit seduced his heart. He becomes eloquent; he rises to his theme. He is eloquent—but not with the cold eloquence which flows from his lips when the pilgrim and the Puritan is his subject. Protestant, as he is, the glow of Jesuit love, and charity, and resignation, is reflected in his thoughts, and tinges his words with their own heavenly and unwonted beauty.*

It would not be difficult to prove from Protestant authority alone, the falsehood of the charges brought against the Jesuits. But they need no other defence than their quiet resignation, and their submission to every insult and opprobrium which could be heaped upon them. Nothing but a Christian spirit could have sustained them in such trials as they have patiently withstood, ever proclaiming their innocence, and the true objects of their society. Among the most eloquent of these appeals to justice and humanity, is that of De Ravignan. An eminent lawyer, he felt himself drawn within the circle of the society by an irresistible influence, and the strongest attraction was the evident malignity of its opponents, their misrepresentations and the bare-faced falsehood of their charges. He entered: and in its bosom he found that peace and quietude which he sought. From the midst of the holy peace which he possessed in the sanctuary of his soul, he cries out with a warning voice to those who malign and accuse her. His only defence is a calm and eloquent exposition of the spirit and rules of the society, and the duties of its members. They need none other.

"The book of the *spiritual* exercises is a manual of retreat, a method of meditation." It was the first fruit of the conversion of St. Ignatius. It contains, in its almost inspired pages, the history of the hours of trial and supernatural struggle in the caverns of Maureza—the results of his experience recorded for the benefit of those who should come after him. The book is divided into four weeks for the spiritual exercises, or "retreat," of which it is the *manual*, extending through the term of thirty days. In the first week the soul is turned within itself, to gaze upon and study its own condition—to count over its wounds, its defeats, to examine its powers. It meditates upon the hideousness of sin. It seeks to excite contrition for the past—to obtain pardon and forgiveness from God. These meditations are not to be the occupation of a single hour, of a set number of hours—not the mere perusal of the prayers and the subjects of meditation—but the full and faithful, earnest exercise of the soul bringing all its powers to the struggle. It is to continue through the day—it is to be arisen to from the couch of slumber, in the silent watches of the night—the heart is to be brought into the work of self-regeneration. Silence and solitude are to surround, and be the food and air of the soul—silence and solitude, which worldly men fear and dread—it brings them, as it were, face to face with God. "Solitude is the country of the mighty—silence, their prayer. There God speaks and acts in them: He gives them life for noble designs, for energetic purposes."* Thus passes the first. The soul has learned to despise itself, the world, and sin. In the second it is turned to the contemplation of the beauty, and the power, and majesty of the King of heaven, Jesus the Saviour. It catches a glimpse of the happiness of the blessed. The mysteries of the Saviour's life are ever before the eye. The soul is to raise itself towards him, to keep itself close beside him, as it were, in love and imitation. It has already learned to despise sin, to forget self. It must now seek, in its inmost recesses, to love Jesus, and remember him alone—to gaze on him, the sun of heavenly light, until the eye is blinded to all other rays. It is at this moment that the rewards of the previous struggle begin to pour down in celestial streams upon the soul, in its rapt contemplation, to prepare it for the farther trials which it is to meet. St. Ignatius would not have his followers enlist rashly under his banner. The time has arrived "when a grave deliberation must open itself, in presence of the divine examples of Jesus Christ, which fix the beau ideal of perfection for all."† It is the time for the election or choice of a state of life. It is the moment upon which depends the whole future

* De Ravignan. † De Ravignan, 29.

* For Bancroft's Eulogy (so to call it), see Vol. iii. It is also quoted in the first volume of this Magazine in the article on the "Jesuits," p. 449. Much has been said about the recent condemnation of Bancroft's History in Italy. The historical portion of the work is, in general, very good, and very liberal—but when the author undertakes to speak theologically, he is apt to fall into sad mistakes, when he really means well. Let the condemnation be taken for what it is, to wit: a disapproval of some of the theology to be found in it, and nothing more.

—the choice, well or ill made, will have its influence in eternity. Two standards are unfolded before the rapt beholder—two chiefs are summoning him to battle under their rival folds—two armies, dividing the world between them—and the heavens, and all eternity, are drawn out in array before him—which shall he choose? Upon the gorgeous folds of the silken banner of the one, emblazoned in purple and gold, glittering in the noontide sun, appears the motto of its chieftain—"Riches, honor, pride." Millions are contending for the glory of being numbered with its guards. Upon the other, coarse and sordid, in dim, disheartening letters, is inscribed the legend, "Poverty, humility, reproaches," beneath its shadow sits the Saviour, with his bleeding wounds, his robe of mockery—the bloody scourges—the crown of thorns, the heavy cross—his followers are around him, silent, humble, and resigned—bearing their own crosses, their own scorn—darkness lies beneath them, but over them and around them shines a light of celestial glory. Which shall he choose? The choice is not long in making—it is made, it is fixed: and now it is necessary to prepare to sustain the trials, which must follow on the right choice. He must *study the cross of Christ*—it is a sublime, eternal book, fuller of heavenly wisdom than all the volumes of the earth. It contains, within itself, all knowledge, all piety, all learning, all love. No man can ever comprehend it all; it is inexhaustible. He must excite divine love in his heart; these are duties of the third and fourth week.

Meditation, and prayer, and silence, and solitude throughout, for thirty days—separate and apart from all the world—is the food, and exercise, and occupation of the soul. It is well tried; it has well searched and explored itself; it has fixed its path in life; it has sought to prepare for that path, to perfect itself in divine love. Such is the course of stern, interior self-examination, through which must pass every postulant who seeks admission into the Society of Jesus. It is the magic gate, by which he must enter to the vestibule. Within he finds every thing peaceful, calm, retired, collected, full of thought and meditation, yet nothing cold or morose—every thing is sweet and gentle. Upon the threshold is made known to him the whole extent of the duties of the members of the society, and the spirit which animates it.

He is asked whether he will renounce the world and its possessions; whether he will accept of poverty and humility, for the love of Jesus; whether he will submit his own will to that of his superiors, implicitly, in all that is not sin? Whether he will "accept and desire, with all his powers, what Jesus Christ, our Lord, loved and embraced?" Whether he will clothe himself with ignominy, suffer like him reproaches, false testimonies, innocently, for love of him?* "Yes, yes, yes." The questioning is finished; the postulant has answered, he enters the novitiate.

Two years of life will the novice pass in a profound retreat; silence, and solitude, and meditation once more surround him; the mysteries of the spiritual envelope him; the earth fades away from his sight; human learning, worldly pleasures and pursuits are forgotten; he gives up his soul to the solemn, yet sweet training of perfection. He searches and scrutinizes his heart, his feelings, his disposition; he discovers his weaknesses, he seeks to fortify them. He labors to eradicate the seeds of evil; to crush pride, to destroy it; to learn true humility; to practise obedience; to enjoy poverty, "in his patience to possess his soul." Often is his attention turned upon the nature of the vows which will be offered to him, if he persevere, and to the solemnity of the duties which they will impose. He is yet free. "He offers himself at last, and the society accepts him—he gives himself to the Lord by an irrevocable consecration.†

The novitiate is ended. The soul is educated, the will is subdued, the passions mastered. It is necessary that some further time should be devoted to human learning. The five years which follow upon the novitiate, perhaps longer, are devoted to the higher studies, and, at their expiration, having come forth honorably, the scholastic enters upon '*the Regence*,' or the teaching of classes at college. Five or six years more pass thus. Ten or twelve years have been given to the polishing, the adornment of the mind with learning, and thus fortified, at "the age of twenty-eight or thirty the religious is sent to the study of theology." Four or six years are consumed in this occupation. At the end of each year of these long courses an examination takes place, and the scholastic must be approved ere he passes into

* De Ravignan, 65, 66. † De Ravignan, 69.

the succeeding—at the end a general examination ensues upon the whole, and it is necessary to have received three votes out of four to be admitted to the "profession."

But there is still another trial, another year of probation. Thirteen or fourteen years have elapsed since he departed from the novitiate; he has passed with honor through his studies; he has taught with success; he has won a reputation for learning; he has been ordained priest. Before he proceeds to the exercise of the priestly functions, he returns once more to the novitiate,* to silence and meditation. He lays aside his books, his lore—he has spent years in the schools of learning, he must pass one in the "school of the heart."† His business is with himself, with his inward nature—preparing and fortifying it once more for the mission he is about to enter upon. Once more he goes through "the exercises" which led him into the precincts of the society.

When the year has expired, according to his merits, he receives his degree of "*spiritual coadjutor*," or of "*professed.*" He is a Jesuit. He is ready for the mission. Long, long years he has sought earnestly and well to prepare himself for that arduous duty: and after such an untiring course of preparation, is it strange that the Jesuit is a powerful adversary; that he is no longer selfish; that he is not worldly; that he is obedient; that he is devoted; that he labors incessantly for "the greater glory of God?"

Thus is the Jesuit formed, and although there may be members upon whom the labors of their founder is lost—who have failed to catch the spirit of their institute—some who are weak—the society has never been without the most abundant fruits of their painful cultivation.‡ The mantle of their sainted founder has descended upon the body of his children. We shall see how he is governed.

The soldier Ignatius, borrowed from his profession the indomitable spirit, the patience, the endurance, the stern obedience of the soldier. The military life appears again, and again, clad in the robes of peace and the sandal of the missionary, acting in, and animating his constitutions. He was a soldier—and a fearless and unstained one—he would make the religious of his company invincible soldiers of Christ. For this did he assign many trials, patient exercise, enduring labor, searching spiritual practisings, to the recruits who sought to enlist under his banner. He would try them long and well, before he received them into his ranks. He wanted no cowards—none of faint heart, none who would falter and become recreant. The Jesuit who put his hand to the plough, must never hesitate or turn back. He would have brave soldiers. For the soldier, subordination was necessary—this subordination its founder took care to secure for his so-society—obedience in all that was not sin. The society is governed by a general, who is the depositary of this obedience, subject, nevertheless, to the head of the church. The general holds his office for life, while the society possess a power of deposition by a mode prescribed in the laws of the company. He is elected by delegates from the *provincial congregations*, who meet in *general congregation* at Rome. The society appoints for him a certain number of assistants, and also an *admonitor*, whose duty it is admonish him, especially in what relates to his personal and private conduct. All superiors, all members of the company are subject to the general. The company is divided into provinces; each province is governed by a superior; each house has its superior, and all superiors hold their offices for three years. All have their advisers—all, in effect, have their part in the wonderful system of order, obedience, and regularity which forms the Society of Jesus. All are subject to the laws: none are above them. There is appeal for all. This is no despotism; it is the admirable discipline of a company of spiritual soldiers. Thus is the Jesuit formed, thus is he governed.

The object of all this earnest preparation is a mighty one; it is the spirit which guides and directs, which animates and sustains, which has rendered their vitality, as it were, immortal; it is the mysterious secret of their success—mysterious to many, plain as the noonday sun to him who will look upon and understand it. IT IS THE GREATER GLORY OF GOD. He who looks upon the Jesuits as a body of men striving after learning, fame, power, the

* Ibid. 77. † "In schola affectus."

‡ The number of Jesuit authors is rated at twelve thousand—but they glory more in their eight hundred martyrs, who died for the propagation of the faith; in their eight thousand missionaries who spent their lives in spreading the light of the gospel in darkened lands; in their saints who have ranked amongst the holiest of the church.

reputation of sanctity, the possession of influence, any thing of this world, no matter how seemingly meritorious or innocent in itself, as the end and object of their labors, knows little of the spirit of their institute. He has yet to learn the first principle that actuates them. And yet it is every where. It is written upon their books: it glows from their works: it is ever upon their lips: it is always in their hearts. It is the first lesson of the novice; it is the dying prayer of the professed. It is the aim and end of their existence. *Ad majorem Dei gloriam.* They live for it, they die for it. If they are learned, and skilful, and eloquent, it is for the greater glory of God. If they are patient, and humble, and resigned, it is for the greater glory of God. If they are obedient unto death, it is for the greater glory of God. No man can understand the Jesuit without keeping this principle for ever before his eyes. Without it he is a mystery incomprehensible—an impossibility.

The company aims at all religious perfection. Before its day it had been deemed sufficient for religious orders to devote themselves to the cultivation of one virtue in particular—to singing the praises of God, to the teaching of the poor, to the tending of the sick and the dying, to the hospital and lazar house, to the practise of voluntary poverty, of obedience, of silence, of austerity, of abnegation of self, of the mission, of the apostolate. It was reserved for the sublime spirit of Ignatius to rise above them all in the grandeur and comprehensiveness of his design. He embraced them all. He would have them all practised in an especial manner in his company. He would have his children prepared for every state and condition of life. He cut them off from ecclesiastical preferment.

The design of the company of Jesus is the most perfct and complete design which the wisdom of man, if the offspring of man's wisdom only, has ever devised and executed. It has made it the instrument of incalculable good. It has become the nursery of piety and learning, the school of theologians, the nurse of saints and apostolic men, the supporter of countless missions. It sent a Zavier to India, a Lallemand and Brebeuf to the wilds of Canada and the unexplored regions of the west. Its children have found countless converts and glorious martyrdom in China and Japan. Cambodia, Malacca, Siam, Tonquin, Syria, Persia, Tartary, the Mogul empire, have heard the voice of the Jesuit missionary. There is no quarter of the world to which he has not penetrated, carrying learning and civilization, and preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

And yet from the midst of these sublime employments of the mission he will turn, at a word, to the dull labor of teaching the lowest class at school, meekly, patiently, shrouding his mighty spirit and glowing soul in the dim walls of the noisy class-room. From the courts of princes, from the pulpits of crowded cities where his learning and eloquence would win renown, and gather thousands at his feet, he goes at the command to beg his bread, as it were, from door to door, to the dungeon, to the lazar house, to bury himself in the humblest rural mission. He is happy, he can save souls there—it is to the greater glory of God! to the east, he obeys, to the frozen north, he departs; he may win souls to God; to the burning south, it is all the same to him, to the wild west and its rugged mountains and its untamed Indians, he is on his way before the last sound of the command has died upon his ear. He has forsaken the things of earth, he has enrolled under the banner of Jesus, he will do His work, be it what or where it may. He is his soldier; his heart, his life, his soul are *his.* There is no employment which he does not accept, no humility which he does not love, no abnegation of self which he does not gladly embrace, no persecution which he is not content to undergo, no malice to which he does not submit, no labor which he shrinks from, no toil and suffering and humiliation which he does not accept with a high and holy joy, "*ad majorem Dei gloriam!*"

THE ANGLO-SAXON AND ANCIENT BRITISH CHURCHES.*

(From the Dublin Review.)

WHILE some modern writers have been busy with the history and antiquities of the Anglo-Saxons, others have been equally zealous for those of the ancient Britons. The inquiries of the latter are certainly not to be contemned, but they can hardly be expected to yield abundant fruit. We have authentic records, of various kinds, to throw light upon the Anglo-Saxon period; the simple and charming narrative of Venerable Bede, the scanty history of Ethelwerd, and the brief notices of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle; besides biography, charters, and epistles in abundance; to say nothing of the existing edifices, poetry, illuminated manuscripts, and rude paintings, that help to complete the picture, not only of the public, but of the private life and customs of the Anglo-Saxons. Here there is ample room for investigation; but when we turn to the earlier period of the ancient Britons, we have hardly a single writer, scarcely so much as a native coin. The exertions of societies may throw light upon the early history of the Welsh, when the western mountains had become their protection against victorious Saxon and rapacious Dane; but for our knowledge of the ancient Britons as they existed under the Romans, and during the long struggle with the Angles and Saxons, we must still depend principally, if not entirely, upon the incidental notices of foreigners, or the brief records of Gildas. The fragments of Nennius, and of later writers, as well as of the poets and older laws, may afford a body of interesting tradition, but they must still be considered and made use of as tradition. They may have germs, and sometimes considerable portions of truth; but who will undertake, after so many ages, to separate this fragment of truth from the accumulated fables with which it is incrusted?

Yet authors are to be found striving to build, with these unpromising materials, not indeed a monument of facts, but a model of the ancient British church, according to the most approved modern fancies. We may admire such industry, but the judgment that guides it we certainly can not praise, and the perversity that adorns such a collection of unsifted traditions with the name of history we are bound to expose and condemn. Such, however, is the character of the ecclesiastical antiquities of the Cymry. The title page is blazoned with "history, rites, and doctrines;" but for the fulfilment of the promise we look in vain. Triads, genealogies, and sometimes the transactions of Welsh societies, are the constant vouchers. It is true that Mr. Williams sometimes follows Usher, but he readily forsakes his more cautious guide, for an excursion among the dreamy mazes of Welsh tradition. On the subject of his authorities let us hear Mr. Williams himself:

"The authorities which may be said to impart to the work its peculiar character, or to form the basis on which it stands, are 'domestic documents' lately published. Of these, if any are more authentic than others, they are the laws, triads, and genealogies. However novel and striking these records may at first sight appear to be, they nevertheless successfully bear the test of inquiry. But, though principally, yet not exclusively, have these documents been used."—*Pref.* vii—ix.

We will not pause to inquire how the author can conceive these records to be so "novel and striking;" certain it is that their application, as historical documents, to the first ages of Christianity, must appear not a little remarkable to all that know their intrinsic value.

Few of the sources of early history are either clear or abundant; but in the triads there is scarcely such a thing as a doubt; all

* The article from which we have made this extract is a review of Dr. Lingard's new work on the antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon church, and of a work on the same subject by a Protestant author, the Rev. Mr. Williams.

is known and accounted for, no matter whether it refer to the first tribes that inhabited Britain, to the first people in the island that raised the cry of war, or to the individuals that taught the Cymry the art of ploughing and building. Their astronomers were so gifted with "knowledge of the stars, and of their nature and situation, that they could foretell whatever might be desired to be known to the day of doom." (p. 35.) Can narrations such as these, and wrapped too in the fantastic form of the triad, have any claim to our regard? What, then, must we say when even Williams' authorities (*note, p.* 7) can not assign to the triads an earlier date than that of the seventh century? And yet, on the faith of such documents, we are called upon to believe minute facts, not only of early British history, but of a time prior to the foundation of Rome or Carthage!

Of the traditions of the Welsh, few are older or more deserving of notice than those of Nennius; yet Nennius is condemned by no mean authority, and the precise reason for his condemnation is his partiality for triads:

"The unhistoric character of Nennius is more clearly seen when we observe his mode of dealing with numbers. Here he exhibits a truly Welsh partiality for triads. There are three sons of the Spanish knight, and thirty ships with thirty women in each; Julius Cæsar returns to Britain after an absence of three years, with thirty ships, and fights three battles; the Roman governors are thrice slain by the Britons; Vortigern's castle is thrice destroyed; the Saxons are thrice defeated; Germanus fasts three days and three nights; and Patrick ordains three thousand priests and offers up three petitions. There are also numerous legendary tales undeserving a place in any historical document. A tower of glass is discovered in the middle of the sea; Vortigern's castle is destroyed by magic, and is to be built only by being sprinkled with the blood of a child who had no father. After such statements gravely advanced, and undistinguished by any mark of disapprobation or incredulity, no one, it is believed, will venture to give easy credence to the assertions which rest upon the unsupported authority of Nennius."*

If the triads are no authorities, the lives of the saints are in the same predicament:

"It is something remarkable, that of the ancient Welsh saints we have no ancient biographies. It is the same thing with respect to Gildas. We possess, indeed, two lives of that historian, but neither of them can boast of an earlier date than the tenth, probably than the eleventh, century; and both present a mere farrago of traditionary tales tacked together without regard to place or chronology; tales which appear to have originally referred to several different individuals of the same name, and to have been afterwards appropriated to the 'historiographer,' the most celebrated of them all. To such works no credit can be given," &c. *L's H. and An. of Ang. S. Ch. v. i. p.* 356.

These biographies, then, of which the life of Gildas is a specimen, are in themselves but treacherous authorities, and are much too remote to be for one moment regarded as testimonies of the state of the ancient Britons. But, then, the bards, we are told, have preserved and transmitted the older history. Bards may be serviceable in describing the manners of their own period, but can never be regarded as historians, much less as vouchers for ages past. Those of Wales are in the same position as the triads and biographies, they are too late; all that it was in their power to do, was to embody in verse the existing traditions. But of what age are their writings? The fondest credulity can not assign them an earlier date than the sixth or seventh century. According to Sharon Turner, Aneurin, the "king of bards," describes the struggles of the Britons and Angles in Northumbria. Now it appears that the Angles did not arrive on the north of the Tees till the middle of the sixth century, and thirty years more elapsed before they conquered the country south of the Tees.* If even, then, Aneurin was contemporary with the events which he describes, he could not have lived before the latter half of the sixth or beginning of the seventh century. As Taliessin, said to have been one of the earliest of the bards, mentions Aneurin, he, too, belongs to the same, or else to a later, period.

No wonder, however, that we seek in vain for authorities among the fables of triad, genealogy, and poetry. We can not expect to find more than St. Gildas, himself a Briton of the sixth century; yet he tells that whatever records his country might have possessed, had either perished by the torch of the invader, or had been carried by the fugitive Britons into distant lands.†

These documents, then, are not contemporary with the earlier ages of the British church;

* Nenn. Hist. Brit. 1831, Stephen's Pref. xxviii.

* Ling. Hist. of Eng. v. i.

† See Ling. H. & Ant. Ang. Sax. note 2, p. 11, v. i.

did not exist in their present form till at least five or six centuries after Lever Maur's supposed embassy to Rome. Their utmost value is their testimony of the Welsh traditions of the seventh and subsequent centuries. If, then, the times had remained tranquil, and the old institutions uninjured, we must still have received their traditions with the greatest caution. What, then, when it was the reverse; when it was a period of disaster and national subjugation, in which fugitives of every tribe were quitting house and land for the barren mountains of the west? Were these intervening misfortunes, these struggles with a resistless enemy, not for months or years, but centuries, and not so much for victory as for existence; were these circumstances favorable to the reception and preservation of oral accounts of past transactions? If not, then the documents in question, so far from being historical vouchers, can not even be relied upon as echoes of the earlier traditions. Having seen the untenable nature of Mr. Williams' authorities, it will be unnecessary to examine the details of his work. If we still occasionally refer to him, it will only be for the purpose of refuting, not so much his own statements, as the popular errors which he has thought fit to repeat.

Have we, then, no native records, no native historian of ancient Britain? None but Gildas; and even his tone is exaggerated, and his information scanty. Living in the middle of the sixth century, he found himself amid the wrecks of Roman greatness, in a land that was little better than one wide field of battle. He saw the British standards almost every where trailing in the dust; he heard the thunders of war rolling louder and louder towards the west; and in bitterness of heart he raised his plaintive voice, to bewail at once the crimes and the inflictions of his native land.

Long had the Briton worn the toga, the badge of Roman servitude. But while the Huns were gathering upon the eastern Steppes; while the foot of Goth and Vandal was upon the threshold of Rome; the chiules of the Saxon were blackening the shores of Britain. Bath, villa, and temple, yet reared their columned vistas among the British huts and forests; but the shout of the invader is heard amid the monuments of Roman luxury, and all lies ruined and smouldering. Sometimes the conqueror builds his cabin amid the ruins, and transmits to future years the Roman name: sometimes the deserted abodes are left to the encroachments of the forest, and the future solitary will start at the sight of chiselled stones, and of an ancient city embowered with thorns and underwood.

But whither has the Briton fled? Driven from his home, and dreading the ferocity of the victor, yet disdaining to become his slave or tributary, he has chosen to herd with the wolf; famishing but free, and sweetening his hardships with dreams of revenge. If he hears the rallying cry of his countrymen, he hastens to their standard. When the struggle leads to fresh disasters, and the cause of Britain is hopeless, he again makes his lair among the woods and rocks. But, unlike the Normans, in a later age the Saxons came not merely to conquer and domineer, but to colonise and destroy: their kindred tribes of the Angles abandoned their native swamps to a man. They came to plant a new nation upon the smiling shores of Britain. With the weight of nations upon his exhausted frame, the Briton could never rise; could never again speak to his victors on terms of equality. All but the west was subjugated, and for ever.

Well might St. Gildas, when asked to write his country's annals, shrink in dismay from the task; well might he, when at last he consented, forget his direct object in his sorrow for his native land. It was at the request of his brethren, that he wrote his two works, the "Historiola," and the "Admonitiuncula." If, in his Historiola, he censures the crimes of his countrymen, he speaks of the Saxons, on the other hand, in terms of indignation and horror. British documents he had none; and whatever foreign accounts he might have read, he disfigured with the traditions of his country. Towards the close he becomes more interesting, and darkly unfolds to our view the wretched state of Britain.

The Admonitiuncula is a warning addressed to five British chieftains, and to the great body of the British clergy. The confusion of society, and the depravity of those that ought to have proved its regenerators, are here painted in the darkest colors.

These works are alluded to, and the Historiola is quoted almost word for word during six entire chapters, by Venerable Bede, who

lived within seventy or eighty years of the time of Gildas. At the end of the eighth century, when the Danes had begun their ravages, Alcuin recommended his countrymen to peruse the works of the British monk, that they might learn to avoid those sins that had brought upon the Britons the scourge of the Almighty.

Although it is thus evident, that in the seventh and following centuries, these works were held as the genuine productions of St. Gildas, one or two modern writers have chosen to call them in question, for no other reason, than because the tone appears to them to be "anti-national."

"But does it necessarily follow that the writer who bewails the evils which press upon his country, must be actuated by an anti-national spirit? or that the preacher who holds up to his audience the picture of their vices, to alarm their consciences and draw them to repentance, has no other design but to depreciate their character? There is not in the work a single word that seems to betray a Saxon origin; every line bears testimony of the British descent of the writer, so feelingly does he deplore the misery of his country, so intimately does he prove himself acquainted with the habits of the natives, and with the forms of their church, a church of earlier date than that of the Saxons; and so earnestly does he call upon them to appease the anger of God, by the reformation of their conduct; for, of the work, two-thirds are filled with exhortations to amendment. Moreover, the insinuation that such a forgery might be suggested—by the hostilities between the Anglo-Saxon and British churches—is utterly indefensible. The bitterness which existed was wholly on the part of the Britons, arising out of their antipathy to their conquerors: nor is there a single expression which can justly be charged with bitterness against the British clergy, in any Anglo-Saxon writer. There is an ancient document which appears to me to afford strong corroboration to the testimony of Gildas, by showing that the crimes which he attributes to these five princes, were common among the Welsh chieftains of that period. This is what is known by the name of the book of Landaff, and contains a multitude of entries respecting donations made to, or acquisitions made by, that church; which entries are generally prefaced with an account of the events which led to such donations and acquisitions. Of their authenticity it seems impossible to doubt, though the present copy is of later date. From these entries I shall, therefore, transcribe a few passages, which remount almost to the days of Gildas, and which present to us instances of perjury, adultery, and murder, as atrocious and repulsive as any to be found in the pages of that writer," &c.—*(See Ling. note B. vol. i.)*

Possessing but one British document of real historical authority, it is not surprising that, except some glimmering of the first introduction of Christianity, and of the persecution of Dioclesian, we know little or nothing of the British church before the time of Constantine; and that after that period, its history, to use the words of Dr. Lingard, "may be told in a few lines." These few lines, however, teem with allusions: we behold the British prelates at the councils of Arles, Sardica, and Rimini, uniting with their continental brethren, in regulating the affairs of the church; we hear of Britons going on pilgrimage to the Holy Land; we see the Britons alarmed at the approach of heresy, and appealing to their neighbors for help; we see a papal legate presiding over their deliberations; we witness the overthrow of error, and the veneration of the orthodox for the relics of saints.

Brief as the narrative itself may be, it has afforded matter for a lengthened discussion on two important subjects; the supposed conversion of Britain by St. Paul, and the supposed independence of the British church. From the time of the reformation, many have asserted that St. Paul himself preached to the ancient Britons. Mr. Williams prefers, I believe, without acknowledgment, to follow Archbishop Parker, and maintain that, though St. Paul never came into Britain, yet, that the first British converts owed to him their conversion. The reasons by which he attempts to establish this opinion, being illustrative of his method, may be worth a glance, before we enter into the full merits of the question:—

1. Bran, the father of Caradog or Caractacus, was detained in Rome seven years as a hostage for his son. *(Triads.)*

2. Caractacus was carried off to Rome in the year 51. *(Tacitus.)*

3. St. Paul was in Rome in the year 56. *(St. Jer. and Euseb.)*

4. The Triads, and the "Genealogy of the Saints," mention that "Bran the Blessed" brought the faith from Rome. *(Will. Cymry. p. 54.)*

Conclusion: therefore, St. Paul converted "Bran the Blessed."

If the authorities adduced were good, and faithfully quoted, and if, consequently, each of the premises were true and accurate, yet might we be allowed to ask, were there not

other preachers at Rome beside St. Paul? The truth is, St. Paul was *not* in Rome during any of the seven years of Bran's supposed captivity; he did not arrive in Rome till the year 61.* The third proposition, then, is useless; but the others remain, and as Mr. Williams deems them valid, he must of course arrive at the conclusion that Bran was converted not by St. Paul, but by the church of Rome. In fact, the only legitimate conclusion is, that when the Triads and Genealogies were compiled, it was the belief of the Welch (and who could know better than themselves?) that their fathers had received their faith from Rome.

Without pursuing any farther the speculations of modern writers, we shall find the whole question of the conversion of Britain fairly and completely sifted in Dr. Lingard's appendix.—(*V.* i. *note* A.)

"We meet in the work of Gildas with a long and tortuous sentence, in which he has been understood to state, that the Christian religion was preached to mankind at large about the end of the reign of the emperor Tiberius, and to the natives of Britain at some period which is not expressly named, but is darkly indicated by the loose and indefinite word *interea*, or in the *meanwhile*."—(P. 345.)

By Dr. Burgess this term "meanwhile" is gratuitously applied to the rebellion of Boadicea, (A. D. 61.) Gildas himself makes no direct mention of Boadicea. He "compresses the whole history of Britain, during the first three centuries, within the short compass of a single page;" he depicts the arrival and contests of the Romans, the subjugation of the Britons, and the reduction of the country to a Roman province, with a Roman name, and a Roman coinage. Then occurs the passage beginning with "interea." St. Gildas had stated, that the Britons were idolaters; now he is going to describe the persecution of Dioclesian, and, therefore, he adverts in the first place to the introduction of Christianity. "He neither states, nor pretends to state, the exact time when the event took place." As he has been describing the events of three centuries, the "meanwhile" that follows can mean no more than some time or other during these three centuries.

Two Greek writers, on the other hand, seem at first sight to be of opinion, that the gospel was first preached in Britain by some of the apostles. These are, Eusebius, bishop of Cæsarea, who lived in the fourth, and Theodoret, bishop of Cyrus, who lived in the fifth century.

Eusebius undertakes to prove the truth of Christianity, from the manner of its diffusion throughout the world, from the small number of its founders, the apostles and seventy-two disciples, and from their personal unfitness. If such men could even gain over their countrymen, what prospect could they have of any greater success? yet they had diffused their religion through Rome and Persia, Scythia and India; and some had even penetrated to the isles of Britain.

If this argument be rigidly interpreted, it overturns the supposition that Britain was converted by St. Paul. For St. Paul was neither one of the twelve nor one of the seventy-two; but if thus taken in its strict meaning, it leads to the false conclusion, that the conversion of the gentiles was the exclusive work of the twelve and the seventy-two, and that the "doctor of the gentiles" had no share in the work. It is clear, then, that the argument can not be taken in a rigid sense; it evidently admits of some latitude; it refers to the effects of the preaching, not only of the twelve apostles and the seventy-two disciples, but of other persons not directly mentioned. When the mind begins to warm with the subject, it can seldom adhere to close logic, it naturally amplifies. Thus it appears to have been with Eusebius. As he proceeded his view enlarged, and his mind enkindled, till he identified, with the apostles and the seventy-two, the collective body of their associates and successors.

Theodoret states that "the fishermen, and publicans, and tent-makers," converted "every nation and race of men," and among the rest, of course, the Britons. His language is evidently of the same rhetorical cast as that of Eusebius. In fact, he himself soon after modifies his own amplification by informing us, that the Persians, Scythians, and the other barbarous nations, among whom must be included the Britons, were not converted till after the death of the apostles.

* L'Art de Verifier les Dates; and Not. Var. Euseb. Hist. l. 2, c. 22. Val. Ed. Cam. 1720. Perhaps we may be allowed to suggest that, if Mr. Williams should favor the public with any future publications, he would confer a favor upon his readers, were he to give his quotations in full, as Eusebius and St. Jerome are rather extensive works to hunt through for a date.

But it is urged, Britain must have been converted in the time of the apostles, because it received the faith from St. Paul himself. But how is this shown? Because, it is answered, St. Clement, the bishop of Rome, writes to the Corinthians, that St. Paul preached the faith to the boundary of the west. But, supposing even that the epistle were undoubtedly genuine, might not this boundary have been either Italy or Spain? The western shores of the latter are washed by the Atlantic; it is the extreme west of Europe. On the other hand, both Italy and Spain were well known to the Greeks, to whom St. Clement was writing, as "Hesperia," or the land of the west. As, however, the fact of St. Paul's preaching is coupled with his martyrdom, the probability is, that the boundary is not even Spain, but Italy, or rather Rome itself, where the apostle suffered. In any case there is no ground for concluding that it was necessarily Britain. The same answer applies still more pointedly to certain passages quoted from St. Jerome.

But again, St. Chrysostom says, that the British isles possessed churches and altars for the Christian sacrifice, and describes them as lying out of the Mediterranean and in the ocean itself; while Theodoret adds, that St. Paul preached to the islands of the sea; therefore, concludes Dr. Burgess, St. Paul must have preached in the British islands. The sea, however, that Theodoret referred to, is, as he tells us himself, not the ocean, but that sea which contains Crete, in other words, the Mediterranean.

To support this tottering theory, Venantius Fortunatus is called in: but he declares, not that St. Paul, but that the *writings* of St. Paul, came into Britain.

Dr. Lingard thus concludes his observations upon the "Pauline church:"—

"I shall not trespass on the patience of the reader by directing his attention to two other imaginary facts, the missionary labors of Aristobulus in Britain, and the foundation of the church of Glastonbury, by Joseph of Arimathea. No one can examine the authorities on which these statements are founded, without pronouncing them at once collections of fables."—(*Note A. v.* i.)

In support of the opinion, that the British church was independent of the holy see, "history records no fact, supplies no testimony," during the whole period of Roman domination. Had we then no proof, direct or indirect, to show that it was *dependent*, the natural conclusion would be, that it was upon the same footing as the neighboring continental churches. Stillingfleet, indeed, maintains that it was independent; because it is not known that the metropolitans were ordained by the pope. But does it follow that, because a fact is unknown, it, therefore, never occurred? But granting that they were not thus ordained, what then? In the latter part of the Anglo-Saxon period it was not customary for the metropolitans to be ordained at Rome; yet it can not be denied that the authority of the pope was then fully acknowledged.

"Stillingfleet's argument is based on the practice of the eastern patriarchates, where the metropolitans were ordained by the patriarchs to whom they were subject. But why must the same discipline necessarily obtain in the western church? Let the reader cast his eyes on the map, and he will immediately see the difference. There were four minor patriarchates in the east; but the west formed only one vast patriarchate. The extent of the eastern patriarchates was of necessity circumscribed, so that from every part there was comparatively easy access to the patriarchal city. In the west most churches lay at a great distance from Rome; and the bishop elect would often have had to navigate the sea, to cross the Alps or the Pyrenees, to traverse tribes of barbarians before he could reach the apostolic see. Why, then, are we to believe that, in circumstances so different, the same customs must have prevailed? But in reality Stillingfleet's whole argument is an attempt at evasion, by changing the state of the question. For that question is not whether the successor of St. Peter exercised throughout the Latin church the same rights with respect to the ordination of metropolitans, which were excised by the eastern patriarchs, but whether he possessed, in quality of supreme pastor, a right to superintend the conduct of other bishops, and to inquire into the state of religion in other provinces."—(*L. Note E. p.* 371. *v.* i.)

While there is no kind of proof to establish the fact of the independence, or rather isolation of the ancient British church, there are many testimonies that indirectly indeed, but not the less strongly testify, that it was but one of the many branches of the Catholic church, deriving, like the rest, both nutriment and fructifying power from the common root and bond of union, the holy see.

British bishops were present at the councils of Arles, (A. D. 314), Sardica (347), and Rimini (359.) From this fact two conclusions

follow: first, that the British church formed an integral part of the universal church, agreeing with the continental churches in faith and discipline; and second, that the acts and declarations of these councils may be taken as acts and declarations of the British bishops, and expressions of the belief and practice of the British church.

Now there is one document at least in the acts of these councils that bears a direct relation to the present inquiry:

"At the conclusion of the council of Sardica, the fathers sent a messenger to give an account of their proceedings to Pope Julius, who, 'though absent in person, had been present with them in spirit;' and in a common letter, assigned as the reason of this message, that he, being the successor of St. Peter, was their head. It will perhaps be alleged that this proves nothing more than a primacy of rank, not of jurisdiction; but it will be difficult to understand why the bishops of each individual province—de singulis quibusque provinciis—should make reference or send information to a foreign and distant bishop as their head, if such bishop in that capacity possessed no real authority in their respective provinces."—(*Note E. v.* i, *p.* 373.)

It is in vain for Mr. Williams to object that the western Britons did not send bishops to the continental synods. Before he can show that this makes any difference, he must not merely suppose, but prove, that the western Britons differed in faith from the rest of their countrymen.

The same writer, moreover, thinks that the mere fact of frequent messages having been sent to Gaul, shows that the mission of the anti-Pelagian champions did not originate with the bishop of Rome, (*p.* 102.) We must remember, however, that intelligence from Britain at that troubled period would take a considerable time to reach Rome, that a further delay would be requisite for deliberation, and that another considerable interval must elapse, before the pope's decision could be imparted to the Gauls, and still more before it could become known to the Britons. Was it impossible during all this time for several different messages to have been despatched to Gaul? Or is the act of appealing for aid to the nearest church, inconsistent with the acknowledgment of the pope's authority? "Might not the petitioners have been personally acquainted with some of the Gallic bishops? May they not have applied to the bishop of Arles, the papal vicar in Gaul, in place of the pope, whose representative he was?"

It is true that Constantius and the copiers of his narrative, state no more than the fact of the petition to Gaul. Constantius, however, wrote sixty years after the event, and is by no means to be depended upon for a full detail of circumstances. Occasionally he will furnish more than the reader could wish; but sometimes he scarcely stays to sketch a meagre outline. Thus, he says not a word of those that bore the message to the Gallic bishops, nor of those that received St. Germanus on his arrival in Britain, or accompanied him in his travels through the country; in short, during a long account of the transaction, he says not a word of British priest or bishop; there might have been none in existence.

From the silence of such a writer no conclusion could be formed. But there is an authority not negative, but positive; not writing more than half a century after the event, but contemporary; not scantily informed, but well versed in the affairs both of Gaul and Rome; it is that of St. Prosper, of Aquitaine, a native of Gaul, and secretary of Pope Celestine himself:—

"From him we learn in his chronicle, that in 429, Celestine, at the application of the deacon Palladius, sent Germanus 'in his own place,' (that is, as his legate,) that he might drive out the heretics, and guide the Britons to the Catholic faith. To this positive testimony of the secretary of Celestine, I see not what can be reasonably opposed; and it should be remarked, that Prosper does not make this statement once only, but repeats it equivalently in his controversial work against Cassian; where, speaking of Britain and Ireland, he says, that Celestine kept the Roman island Catholic, and made the barbarian island Christian; the first, by expelling certain native leaders of Pelagianism from their hiding-place in the ocean; the other, by ordaining a bishop (Palladius) to establish Christianity among the Scots.—(*L. v.* i, *p.* 8, *and* 374.)

The letter of the council of Sardica, and the mission of St. Germanus, tend undoubtedly to establish the fact, that the Christians of Britain recognised the authority of the see of Rome. We may arrive at the same conclusion by a different path. There can be no doubt that the Christians of Gaul held a close connection with those of Britain. Both countries had long been portions of the same prefecture or division of the empire. In religious matters their union

was equally great: the British bishops assisted at the Gallic councils, and received in return the aid of their Gallic brethren. All this presupposes a unity of faith; if, then, the Gallic church acknowledged the supremacy of the pope, the natural conclusion must be, that the same was the belief of the church of Britain. What, then, was the belief of Gaul?

In the second century St. Irenæus, who had been born and educated in the east, became bishop of Lyons, and, therefore, metropolitan and head of the Gallic church. In this capacity he had collected the suffrages of his brethren on the question of Easter, and had sent them to Pope Victor. Yet this saint, as is well known, proclaimed in the clearest terms the superiority of the Roman see to his own and to every other. "To the church of Rome, on account of her more powerful chiefdom, it is necessary that every church ('or the whole church'), that is, the faithful from every quarter should conform ('perhaps make resort.')"

St. Cyprian furnishes equally strong testimony for the third century. Novatian, the heresiarch, being excommunicated by Pope Cornelius, solicited in vain the friendship of the African bishop. In Gaul he was unhappily more successful; he found means to corrupt Marcian, the bishop of Arles. Faustinus, one of the successors of St. Irenæus in the see of Lyons, sent information of this both to Africa and Rome. St. Cyprian was then in the see of Carthage. Did he call upon Faustinus, as head of an independent church, to assemble his bishops, and put an end to the evil? Not at all; he despatched letters to Rome, entreating and urging the pope to do his duty, and depose the bishop of Arles, and substitute another in his place. Surely St. Cyprian's notions of the papal supremacy was not limited to a barren superiority; his idea was, that the popes held and exercised a vigorous and paramount jurisdiction.

In subsequent ages there was no change in this respect. In the fifth century St. Prosper of Aquitaine informs us that Rome, as the seat of Peter, is the head of the episcopal order in the whole world, and thus held in obedience to its spiritual authority, more than it had ever held under the dominion of arms. The acknowledgment of the Gallic bishops, when supplicating Pope Leo to restore Hilary of Arles to his former post of apostolic vicar, is equally strong: "The holy Roman church, through the prince of the apostles, holds the principality or chiefdom over all the churches of the whole world." Thus, then, it is evident, that the Gallic church acknowledged the superior authority of the holy see. Remembering the connection of Britain with Gaul, the inference must be, that Britain recognised the supremacy of the same universal head.

In the writings of St. Gildas, the only native authority, there is, with one doubtful exception, no reference to the present question. He speaks indeed of some ambitious clergymen, who, dissatisfied with the judgment of their fellows, appealed to an authority "beyond the seas and over distant lands," and who, having procured a favorable sentence, returned home in triumph, and entered into possession of what before they had been refused. The only legitimate conclusion that can be drawn from this passage is, that Britain was by no means an independent church, but that it acknowledged an authority residing in a far distant land. The only question is, what that authority was? what could it be? what see pretended to such an authority but that of Rome?

Thus, during six centuries, we find no proof, direct or indirect, of the independence of the British church; but we find many indications, many indirect proofs, of its belief in the supremacy of the see of Rome.—*L. v.* i. *pp.* 370–379.

By the seventh century there scarcely remained a trace, except among the western hills, of the tribes or church of ancient Britain.*

*The recent Life of St. German, a work for the most part excellently treated, lays much stress upon the effect produced upon the Saxons by the doctrine and discipline of the surviving Britons. This opinion seems to rest upon an assertion of Constantine, the biographer of St. German, that "in those parts (that is, where St. German had been) the faith continued untainted up to our times."

Upon this passage the modern biographer observes: 1st. "That Constantine speaks of what existed in his own time, after the Saxons had been for nearly forty years settled in Britain." (*p.* 201.) 2d. That as St. Germanus probably landed in Kent, even these shores "could hardly be excluded;" and 3dly, that it seems "hardly possible that the faith which remained entire in 483, should have been totally extinguished in 596, that is, 113 years after."

In making these observations the writers appear to have been laboring under a singular mistake with respect to the nature of the contest. This we will endeavor to rectify by a brief glance at the facts. The Saxons, or rather Jutes, are supposed to have begun the war in 449. For many years, instead of being "settled" in the country, they were engaged in a perpetual sanguinary struggle with the Britons. At the death of Hengist, supposed to have taken place in 488, his followers had but just succeeded in securing the

Transferred from the banks of the Rhine and from the shores of the Baltic, the sanguinary rites of Woden had supplanted for a while the sublime doctrines of Christianity. All was fierce, barbarous, inhuman. To the eye of the political economist, there was no hope of present amelioration: civilization must be the work of ages; conversion was not yet to be dreamed of. Yet it had been the dream, the long meditated project, of a single monk. That monk, with the tiara upon his brow, sent forth his trembling but obedient missionaries; and a change, and a rapid change, came on. A procession of Roman monks, with banner and cross, their badges of conquest, bear the "glad tidings" to the astonished Ethelbert. Amid the cry of battle and oppression, that rings through all the land, their voice alone appeals to Heaven's mercy; nor appeals in vain. "We beseech thee, O Lord, in thy great mercy, remove from this city, and from thy holy house, thy wrath and indignation: for we are sinners. Alleluia." Masses, vigils, preaching, and miracles, soon produced their fruit; and the white fillet of baptism was seen on many a regenerated Saxon. The seeds are scattered; but a few years, and from that corrupted mass of paganism shall spring forth many a learned, many a saintly character, ornaments of earth, or flowers for heaven.

possession of Kent. While the Jutes thus struggled for a corner of the island, the Saxons arrived on the southern coast. Ælla and his sons landed on the isle Selsey, 477; while Cerdic, the founder of the line of Wessex, landed five years after in Hampshire, and by the death of Natanleod, the British king, 503, remained in possession of the neighboring country. It was not till 530 that Erconwald pushed along the north bank of the Thames, and conquered Essex; nor till 547, that Ida landed between the Tees and the Tyne. Though disputing the ground inch by inch, the Britons were driven into the interior of the island. Even there they were not allowed to rest: they were subdued by Creoda, who passed the Humber, in 586. It was thus a century and a half before the Britons were either conquered or pent up in Cornwall, Wales, and Cumberland. It was not till towards the close of the eighth century that they were driven from the right bank of the Severn, and restrained within the famous dyke of Offa. It was still later before the Britons of Cornwall were completely reduced. The struggle had moved gradually towards the west, but it ceased not till the Saxon began to yield to the Dane.

On the one hand, then, this sketch taken from Lingard, (*Hist. v.* i.) perfectly coincides with the statement of Constantius. For there is no reason why the words "in illis partibus," should mean Kent, no reason why they should not refer to the neighborhood of Verulam, and other places in the interior, where the saint made his principal stay. On the other hand, as the kingdoms of Essex, East Anglia, and Mercia, were not established when Constantius wrote, as in other words, not one-third of the Anglo-Saxon conquests were as yet achieved, it would be absurd to quote his authority for a time when he had been a century in his grave, and when the country to which he refers had become the theatre of so many disastrous events. To this we may add, that the struggle long wore a most sanguinary aspect, witness the massacre of all the inhabitants of the Isle of Wight, A D. 530 (*Ling. Hist. and Ant. v.* i. *p.* xix.); that there are no traces of surviving Britons in the Saxon kingdoms of the Heptarchy, or, according to Lingard, scarcely any even among the Angles; that the celebration of the British service in the two churches at Canterbury is a groundless supposition; that the accounts of St. German's travels in Wales are mere fables, (*Ib. p.* x. *note*); that at the time of St. German's visit "one-half of the population were still either idolaters, or men who hesitated to be admitted into the Christian church, that they might with less restraint indulge in criminal gratification," (*Ib. p.* 11); and that whatever influence the Britons might have, they never employed it for the conversion of the Saxons; they might unite with them for political purposes, like Penda and Ceadwalla, the Briton, but "Penda and the whole nation of the Mercians were abandoned to paganism, and ignorant of the very name of Christian," and the Britons held at naught, and "to this day hold at naught, the Christianity of the Angles." (*St. Bed.* l. ii. *c.* ii.)

THE SPIRIT'S REPROOF.

BY ROBERT R. J. PRICE.

EACH guest had departed. Deep silence and gloom
Invaded the halls, where, in manhood's full bloom,
The proud and the wealthy so lately had met,
Ensnared in the meshes of folly's gay net.
False hearts boasted friendship, that no friendship felt,
And faces wore smiles, where contentment ne'er dwelt;
While fast the snow fell on this Ætna of sin,
Frost covered *without*—a volcano *within!*
In vain a night's shelter some beggar had sought:
"Too busy the mistress"—"his sorrow was naught!"
From the door of the rich the houseless was turned—
His hunger unsated—his agony spurned!

Around the old mansion the howling wind swept;
Unwaked by its violence, a fair lady slept:
Though lovely her features, alas! that her heart
To anguish or sickness no balm could impart;
Not one kindly feeling within it was rife,
But selfishness swayed every act of her life!
The world's bitter censure was boldly defied
When money could purchase what else were denied!
A mirror of fancy sleep held to her view,
And the form of her sister, reflected, she knew;
That sister, whose virtues, when living, but shone
In contrast most fearful to vices her own!
On the silence of night the spirit voice broke,
And thus to the sleeper reprovingly spoke:
"*Thy heart to thy God!* Too long hath it slumbered,
And revelled in dreams of follies unnumbered!
Let the vain things of earth from thy memory be cast,
And the future atone for the faults of the past!
As in Egypt of old, first fruits of their corn
The husbandmen vowed, let the bright rays of morn
Thee, prostrate and lowly, in gratefulness see,
And thy heart to thy God thy first offering be!

"*Thy wealth to the poor!* In the hour of thy pride
The beggar hath starved, and the houseless hath died!
No more be thy gates to the wanderer barred;
No longer the outcast and friendless discard:
Bid poverty welcome, and sorrow be glad;
The mourner make cheerful, and merry the sad!
For thee shall the prayer of the orphan ascend,
And widows shall bless thee, humanity's friend!

"*Thy hand to do good!* Where misery, seated
In penury, lingers; when hope hath retreated;

When famishing want, and the curse of despair
Have driven to madness—yes! thou shouldst be there!
May spirits of good, their watch ever keeping,
Protect and defend thee, or waking, or sleeping!
With love for mankind, may thy heart be inflamed,
And angels rejoice at the sinner reclaimed."

The lady awoke. Ere the next setting sun
The world was well lost, because heaven was won!

New York, July, 1845.

THE STUDENT OF BLENHEIM FOREST,

OR THE TRIALS OF A CONVERT.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

Continued from p. 532.

CHAPTER XVII.

HE poor Irishman, with an expression of hope and anxiety depicted on his countenance, stood without, awaiting patiently the appearance of Clavering, who, as he approached him, said in a kind voice: "I wish you, my good fellow, to conduct me to your place of abode, and if I find that you deserve aid, I can promise to have you placed in a situation which will render you, if you are honest and diligent, independent. I, myself, am a stranger in the city, but know one who has the disposition and means to assist you."

Clavering, in his charities, as in every thing else, was truly unostentatious, and, like all sincerely benevolent and pious souls, preferred concealing *himself* from the recipients of his bounty, that those whom he clothed, sheltered or fed, might give all thanksgiving to Almighty God for the blessings and favors, so often and unexpectedly, extended towards them; and while he, as their consoling friend and kind adviser, heard their earnest expressions of gratitude, and witnessed their tears of humble thankfulness to the Giver of all good gifts, it was then he enjoyed the sweet reward of those acts done solely for the love of our Father in heaven, and thanked him for those opportunities which threw in his way a suffering or afflicted fellow creature, for to such he was always a friend or brother, and, loving them, as he did, through the poverty and sufferings of our Lord, he would, in his humility, have kissed the dust from their feet, or taken them, with all their needy, and tattered, and soiled habilaments, to his bosom. Barney thrust his hands into the very depths of his pockets, and looked deliberately at Clavering, while his round blue eyes dilated with wonder and astonishment at the good turn his affairs had taken, and filled with a moisture which finally resolved itself into two heavy drops, which rolled silently over his ruddy cheeks, then thanking him with voluble sincerity, and many a blessing on his "tinder heart," proceeded to show him the place of his abode. They soon came to a sparsely settled and squalid part of the purlieus of the city, where want, and penury, and starvation stretched forth their gaunt arms to the shivering winds, and declared in silent, though horribly legible characters, that POVERTY was the presiding genius of the place. Here gibbering age and want-stricken infancy mingled their wail, and concealed crime, perpetrated under the influence of gnawing hunger, or desperate need, revelled, and grew, and festered! "Happy in comparison," thought Clavering, as he cast a shuddering glance around, "are those far off heathen nations in foreign lands, for whose salvation saintly men

peril their lives that they may reveal unto them the way of eternal life; happy are the wild hordes of the forests of our own land, for they, too, have messengers from God among them, who use the invisible, but mighty arms of justice and mercy, to crush their idolatries, and point them to virtue and heaven; but miserable, degraded, and wretched are those who live around us daily, and swarm in their polluted dens in the lanes and alleys of the city, and refuse to come forth except for the purpose of plunder and crime. To these the gate of mercy appears closed; they are like men blind in the midst of light, and starving in a land of plenty; they are steeped in the filth and degradation of sin, while the waters of life flow sweetly near them; *they are our brethren,* and in the lowliness and ignorance of their state, call in plaintive and pleading accents for men imbued with an apostolic spirit to go boldly among them, and rescue them from the gloom and chains of their depravity." Barney conducted him to a rude shed, which had once been a shanty, but was now a ruin, through which the wind found wide crevices to howl its wintry blast, and into which the drifting snow could find an ample passage. One or two ragged quilts were nailed around the wall, and formed an alcove for a rude couch, on which sat a deformed and diseased woman, rocking herself to and fro, unheeding the tears which rolled in torrents over her wasted cheeks. The two stood a moment, for she now lifted upward her sightless eyes, and cried in a tone of agony, "Home, home, home! Ireland ma vourneen! Och! but the heart widin me body is dyin' for home. An' the poor boy, he begs, and starves, and works, to hide me from want; wo's me! wo's me! why can't the poor and frindless die?"

"Why, Peggy, me darlint," said Barney, advancing, and taking her hand in his, "frindless is it ye are while Barney's alive? Yer dark side is come over ye's; but cheer up, ma vourneen! the Blessed Virgin has sint us a frind in our need."

"Ah, here ye come, Barney, wid yer cheerful voice; as long as I can hear it, it is well wid me, boy, for whin the world was an empty and lonesome place to me, you were father, an' brother, an' every thing to a poor lone woman."

"An' thin, by the piper that played afore Moses, ye overrate me intirely; indade, sir," he said, looking sheepishly at Clavering, "she does that same."

"Is she your mother, or sister, Barney?" inquired Clavering in an under tone, but not sufficiently low to prevent her hearing his question, which she eagerly answered, for Barney had disappeared.

"None at all, at all, kind sir, but a poor forsaken craythur, that was left alone on the airth when the cholera swept off all that cared for me." She told him that Barney's mother, who was a widow, with several half-grown children dependent on her, with all that benevolence and charity which is so conspicuously characteristic among the Irish poor towards each other, had received her, blind and afflicted as she was, into her family, and tended her with the most consistent kindness through long weary months of sickness, and under every circumstance shared their little all with her. But the smallpox swept them all off, except Barney and herself, when, hearing that gold could be gathered up by the handful in America, he sold every article of household use that he possessed, and, after paying his rent and the doctor's dues, immigrated with his blind foster sister, Peggy, to a land which was, indeed, one of promise and hope in perspective, for ever since his arrival in it, he had been hopelessly grasping after the bright shadow of prosperity, of whose substance he had heard such inconceivable and marvellous accounts. Clavering talked some time longer with her, and found her intelligent beyond her opportunities and situation, and calling Barney, slipped a few dollars into his hand to supply present wants, and told him to call the next day on Mrs. Talmadge, who would tell him of the arrangements made in his behalf by his friend, and hurried off, carrying with him the blessings of the poor, those blessings always so rich and eternal in their consequences, for, like ministering angels, they ascend up to the mercy seat, and inscribe remembrances on the everlasting archives, which will avail much for us in the hour of judgment. Barney was so overwhelmed with his unexpected good fortune, that he could absolutely do nothing for the remainder of the day but sit by the side of his companion in poverty, and give thanks to God and his kind benefactor. "To-mor-

row, girl, to-morrow will be time enough intirely, to lave the place; it would look quite indacent-like to run off the minit we could from the ould walls that gave us a shelter."

"Thrue, Barney; thrue, boy," she responded; "it is a cowld starving place to 'bide in, but not so cowld as the bare airth and freezin' snow would 'a bin; but blessed be the holy name of God for all things; he sint us throuble and danger, now he sinds the angils of his pity to heal up the wounds intirely. He knows—our Lord knows, Barney—what is best for us, poor sinful craythurs that we are." And so the two talked in great simplicity, not aware that in their humble content and submission to the will of Almighty God, they were learning precious lessons from the science of his saints. After dinner Clavering again returned to Mrs. Talmadge's, to whom he related the incidents of the morning, and begged her advice and co-operation in the affair. She entered into all his plans with a zest and sincerity peculiar to herself, and before evening they had, by their united exertions, procured a suitable residence for Barney and his blind companion in a quiet and respectable part of the city. Clavering had given a few directions, and deposited in the hands of Mrs. Talmadge a sufficient sum of money for the purpose of carrying out his benevolent plans with regard to them, with discretionary powers to use it to the best advantage. After she had, with untiring zeal, procured every thing necessary for their comfort, and introduced them into their new abode, she recommended to Clavering a worthy and respectable widow who wanted a home, and would, for a small consideration, piously attend to poor Peggy, and judiciously economize in the housekeeping department, and who, in a day or two, was duly installed in the domicile as manager of the domestic concerns. It was not Clavering's design to make the honest and warm-hearted fellow whom he had taken under his protection either a dependant and inert citizen, or a gentleman of leisure; so having purchased a small fruiterer's establishment, had, through the agency of honest tradesmen, a room suitably fitted up for the purpose, and here Barney was established, with the injunction to be honest, industrious, and, above all, attentive to his religious duties; his rent was paid a quarter in advance, after which it was expected that he would be able to realize a sufficient sum from the profits of his business to do so himself. One of the first traits which displayed itself in his character was a disposition to aid those with whom he had suffered in the miserable neighborhood in which we found him; in fact, by the prudent and wise discrimination of Clavering, who, in the disposition of his charities, had appealed to every good quality in his heart, and most of all to his *self-respect*, Barney was in a fair way of becoming a diligent man of business, coarse, though respectable, in his appearance, and gaining friends every day by his good-humored vivacity, correct demeanor, and pious habits. Poor Peggy was almost happy; employment also gave her the means of feeling as if she could yet be of some use in a world which was hidden for ever from her; and while she sat knitting, the livelong day, coarse socks and stockings, which the ever-active Mrs. Talmadge disposed of for her, would sing with a feeble, though sweet voice, some pious hymn which she had learned at her mother's knee, or some one of those sad strains so dear to the hearts of the sons and daughters of Ireland, or, perchance, with a quiet smile on her placid countenance, listen while the widow Selden read for an hour from the pages of some well chosen volume. Instances of disinterested generosity, and pure acts of charity, "like pearls upon an Æthiop's arm," stand forth in beautiful and glorious relief against the shadow of sin which rests over the world, and make us almost think sometimes that, as of old, the angels walk among us. . . . .

A few days after the events which we have related, Mrs. Botelar and Mr. Beverly, who had spent the evening with her, were engaged in a quiet and amicable discussion on religious topics, which was a favorite subject of his, and a theme of which he never grew weary, she impressing him by the gentle dignity of her expressions, and the happy manner in which she met and rebutted certain objections which he urged against becoming a practical Catholic, and he amusing her by the originality of his remarks, and the wonderful versatility of his conversational powers. Father Francis now came in, and after inquiring for Clavering, and learning that he had been out since dinner, joined, with his usual bland and cheerful affability, in the conversation.

"Well," said Mr. Beverly, in reply to an observation of Mrs. Botelar, "in my opinion it certainly requires a greater amount of moral courage to make a man a Christian than a warrior. I could to-morrow go to Texas, Mexico, or Spain, and become a desperate soldier with more ease, positively, than I could kneel in a Catholic church, and make the sign of the cross! I can scarcely define my feelings on this subject; indeed, madam, as a *man*, I am ashamed of them!"

"You will excuse me, Mr. Beverly," said Father Francis, "if I anticipate Mrs. Botelar, and answer you in, perhaps, plainer language than you have been accustomed to hear. There is a certain quality pervading the moral nature of most people called *human respect*, which is so subtile in its operations that the soul yields itself gradually and unresistingly to its baleful influence until, at last, its hydra-head guards every avenue of grace from the holy inspirations of God. It is a dread of the scorn, or censure, or ridicule of our fellow-creatures, of those who are so impotent that, by taking thought, they could neither add to nor take from one cubit of their own stature, and who, although they might exercise all the brilliancy of their sarcastic wit, and throw out every hyperbolical expression of irony of which they are capable, could neither impart the slightest sentiment of peace to your conscience if you yielded to their influence, nor deprive you of one moment of that interior tranquillity which is always the blessed reward of an unflinching discharge of duty. Does becoming a *practical* Christian render a man a fool? does it cloud his intellect? in short, does it fetter one single quality of his mind? Far from it! It elevates, ennobles, and sanctifies his nature, and expands, by its pure and invigorating influence, all the dormant energies of his mind. You might kneel in church, and, by using the symbol of our holy religion, draw down upon yourself the scorn and astonishment of a few! If so, hold an imaginary conversation with them; propose questions with which it would be natural to suppose they would catechise you, and allow your own conscience, Mr. Beverly, to answer, and notice on which side the moral victory would be. Behold, they might say, a man remarkable for his wit, and talents, and strength of nerve, kneeling, like a dotard, and using foolish and superstitious signs! And well they might, if you bowed the knee to man or idols, or used the sign of any secret and hidden confraternity, or the emblem of some heathen caste; but, so far from this, you might, with St. Paul, stand forth and think yourself happy that you could answer well touching the things whereof you were accused, especially as you know that your homage and adoration would be given alone to the great and Almighty God, creator of heaven and earth, in whose presence all men are as nothing, and use the sign of that cross on which his beloved Son was immolated, and in that immolation presented the most sublime spectacle that heaven or earth ever witnessed, because he descended from the eternal splendor of his Father, to *suffer, die,* and *redeem those who loved him not.* What surpassing charity! what sublimity! what holiness, and disinterestedness of purpose!" Mr. Beverly was silent. The simple and natural arguments of Father Francis touched him more forcibly than the most profound disquisitions on the subject could have done. "When we see," continued Father Francis, "a man sacrifice his all for the purpose of rescuing a fellow being from penury, when we hear of philanthropic acts, or generous and extraordinary donations for the weal of the poor, or some singular and conspicuous exercise of gratitude, how we wonder, admire and extol; what reverence are we not disposed to pay those individuals; and if the benefits are extended towards ourselves, it appears as if the sacrifice of a lifetime can never repay those who befriended us in our need. And yet, for the sake of Him who sacrificed himself for us, how unwilling are we to return a tithe of that for which he suffered, how slow to appreciate the great gifts he bestows on us, and how prone to yield all our deference to the judgments and prejudices of his sinful creatures, when he, and he alone, can with any propriety demand it."

"Sir," said Mr. Beverly, "what the example of my friend Clavering has failed in doing, you almost persuade me to accomplish."

"Ah, here he is," said Father Francis, as Clavering now entered, "to add his persuasions to mine; but, my child, how is this; you are ill, let me support you to a chair."

"I do not feel ill," whispered Clavering, as he leaned on the shoulder of Father Francis, "but very faint; thank you, dear madam," he

said to Mrs. Botelar, who handed him a glass of wine, "this will invigorate me a little; I am better now—I breathe more freely—and after resting a moment, I shall be able to enjoy the conversation which I have interrupted." But the effort of walking to the sofa was too great in his weak condition, and a violent fit of coughing was the result, after which he sunk back into the arms of Father Francis, pale and fainting. Alas! the fears which had for several weeks disquieted Mrs. Botelar concerning him were too true! Now that his mind had become tranquillized, and the mental excitement which had so many months exercised a stimulating influence on his physical powers, was wearing away, it was plainly discernible that the finely strung chords of the young man's life were relaxing their strength and vigor; and although the destroyer had approached so noiselessly, and yet so visibly, with the funeral torch which kindled up the depths of his eyes with feverish glow, and lit the hectic on his cheeks, and all those unfailing and unmistakable symptoms which gradually appear when the seeds of CONSUMPTION begin to ripen amid the vital organs of our existence, had stolen on so slowly, Mrs. Botelar felt that but little hope could be entertained of his ever being restored to health. "My dear Louis," she said as he recovered, "again let me beseech you to send for Dr. Lurbeck."

"I am better now, dear madam," he replied; "I am subject to these colds, and I assure you they generally leave me quite as strong as they find me."

Mrs. Botelar shook her head incredulously, and placing her fingers on his pulse, found it counting many more throbs in a minute than a healthy circulation would have required; there was a tension, a corded palpitation, and dry heat about it, which gave plain indication of fever.

"My dear sir," answered Mrs. Botelar, "you are ill!"

"And," added Father Francis, "it is your duty, my dear child, when your health is evidently failing, to make use of all legitimate means for its restoration."

"Clavering," said Mr. Beverly, who had with the deepest concern witnessed the foregoing scene, "I claim it as a right and privilege to bring a physician to you; your symptoms are alarming, my friend, and prompt medical aid is advisable."

"As you please, my kind friends. I submit to your advice, but really feel so much recovered that I scarcely think it necessary."

Clavering could not bear to admit to himself that there was the slightest ground for apprehension, and although he had felt but too sensibly, for many weeks past, that his strength was gradually failing, and found that he had become quite emaciated, and of late had been startled more than once by indications which threatened a hemorrhage of the lungs, still with that instinctive love of life which induces us to be the last who believe or feel the approach of danger, he disregarded these symptoms, and did not early enough pay that attention to them which the emergency of the case required. After a pause of several minutes, during which he leaned his head on his hands with an appearance of the deepest dejection, he said: "Perhaps, my friends, you are right; you may bring me a physician." Mr. Beverly immediately took his hat and cloak, and went out in search of Dr. Lurbeck.

"Not for my sake, reverend father," said Clavering, "not for my sake alone do I feel alarmed at this sudden giving way of my bodily energies, but the peculiar circumstances of the last few months would cause my death to be heavily felt by my —— by my mother and dear old father. Oh, Mrs. Botelar, it may be weakness, perhaps it is unmanly, but methinks if I could behold those beloved and venerated faces again, and see them smile benignly on me as in days of yore——"

"My dear child," interrupted Mrs. Botelar, much affected, "you will see them under happy auspices again, no doubt."

He arose and walked to and fro the room; silent and uncontrollable anguish wrung his heart, and at last, his emotion overleaping the bounds of all restraint, he sunk, almost fainting, into a chair, exclaiming, "My mother! my mother!" and wept convulsively.

"My child, my child!" said Mrs. Botelar, as she approached him, and laid her arm, with all the affection of a fond parent, around him, while she drew his aching head to her breast, "I do not say to you, forget those things which have so wounded your susceptible nature; nay, I do not even say restrain those tears which they call forth, but, with unwavering voice, I bid you look to Mount Calvary; there, my child, behold Him for whom you suffer. *He*

suffered and died for us!" continued the lady in a sublime accent.

Father Francis had himself once known all the bitterness of an agony like this, for he too had been a banished exile, for conscience' sake, from the homestead of his youth, and the presence of those he loved, and endured not only this, but the restrictions of poverty also, in that spirit of suffering meekness and resignation which, although it wrung the strongest fibres of his heart, did not cause him to shrink a moment from the religion of that holy church of which he was now an ornament, and so keenly did the scene remind him of those early trials, that he could scarcely command his voice sufficiently to allow him to speak, when he took Clavering's hand in both his own, and with a gentle and friendly pressure, said "Aye, my child, He is gone before thee, carrying the cross, and on it he died, and if thou die with him, thou shalt also live with him; and if thou art his companion in suffering, thou shalt also partake of his glory."*

The young man raised his eyes, suffused with tears, towards heaven, and his lips moved in prayer; the agony was passing away, for he had knelt in spirit at the feet of Jesus, and offered himself as a holocaust to the Lord, and while an expression of sadness and resignation gradually settled, in soft repose, on his countenance, he whispered, in almost inaudible accents, as if communing with his own soul: "It is well. Not my will, but thine, O God, be done!"

Tears blind the eyes of the narrator of this little history, and its conclusion has become a difficult task; in the amiable Clavering she knew a friend and brother, and in a constant correspondence with him during his trials, wept and suffered with him; but she will be unselfish enough to disregard these feelings, and unfold to others a few more of those scenes which so edified her by their piety and acts of resignation..... When Dr. Lurbeck arrived he proceeded at once to inquire particularly into the symptoms of his patient, and examine his chest with the most scrutinizing ear; and it was not long before he decided, satisfactorily to himself, on the case, and drew out his tablets to write a prescription.

"Allow me to interrupt you a moment, doctor," said Clavering.

"Certainly, sir."

"Will you confer a favor on me, doctor, and tell me, candidly, whether or not my lungs are incurably diseased?"

Dr. Lurbeck raised his head, and looked at him a moment with his calm, penetrating eye, as if he wished to read his inmost soul, and judge how far he could safely answer the question so simply, and yet so earnestly proposed; then, as if satisfied with the result of his inquiring glance, laid his hand on Clavering's, and with a look of sympathy, and a subdued kindness of manner for which he was so proverbial, replied: "My dear sir, you ought to have had medical aid long ago; I am afraid this disease has progressed too far to be eradicated, or even benefited by curative means; I can, however, safely promise you that, so far as medical skill can go, I will exercise it in your behalf; meanwhile, keep closely to your room, be prudent and careful, and you may be temporarily relieved very soon."

"Thank you, doctor; thank you kindly, for the candid opinion you have given."

"Is the result of my examination unexpected, sir, for you must have suffered a year or two?" asked Dr. Lurbeck, in surprise at his calmness.

"I was not prepared, doctor, for so decided an opinion, certainly."

"Well, well," interrupted the doctor, "do not allow it to agitate you; while there is life, you know, we may hope."

"My hopes, dear sir," said Clavering, "are not of this life, and so far from the possibility of an early death alarming or agitating me, it has diffused a calm and tranquil expectation of rest over every wearied emotion of my heart."

"What! so young, and yet resigned. Sir, have you nothing to live for?"

"Much, dear doctor; much to live for, and yet more to gain by death."

"It is mysterious," said Dr. Lurbeck, looking earnestly into the fire; "I can not thoroughly understand it, as much as I have seen of it; it is supernatural, decidedly—but I beg your pardon — good night, Mr. Clavering; attend to the direction on the paper, and I will call tomorrow."

Father Francis spent an hour longer with Clavering, and was happy to perceive that a resigned composure had diffused its heavenly influence around him, and judging from the sudden and severe prostration of strength which

*St. Thomas a Kempis.

seemed to have enfeebled him almost unto death, that he would be unable for many weeks to leave his room, made his adieu, with the promise to come at an early hour on the following morning to give him the holy communion, and with this hope to cheer him, neither pain nor debility could depress the patient invalid. Mrs. Botelar, with a mother's care, anticipated and attended to every want, and her last act before she left him for the night, was to arrange with pious and beautiful thought every thing on the little shrine of the Blessed Virgin in perfect order for the reception of the blessed sacrament. Mr. Beverly remained with him. Through the live long night angels kept sweet vigils around the couch of the young convert. He slept but little, for it seemed as if a foretaste of the unslumbering heaven of eternity was dawning on his spirit, and with clasped hands, and cheeks ever wet with ecstatic tears, he awaited in humble hope for the first chime of coming day to sound, and ere yet the stars had faded from the purple heavens, he was absorbed in holy expectation of the high honor which was about to be conferred on his unworthy heart. His soul's prison-house was irradiated by the hope which, during the still watches of the night, had like an angel guardian hovered around him! Onward rolled the torrent of his blessed thoughts, deep, but calm and tranquil, and high as high heaven, until he would fain have thrown off the shackles of life, and soared thitherward; but, ah, why was it that amidst this rapture of seraphic faith, a sullen gloom now sprung up like a deadly shade, causing him to shrink back and contemplate with trembling dread the coming of his illustrious guest, fearing at last, that after all his prayers, his hopes, his contrite tears had been but a mockery? but still he prayed amid his tribulation, and clung with trusting humility in his hour of darkness to the cross of Christ. He did well and needed not to fear; here was the safest place for the weary soul, and though a gloom as of the shadow of death encompassed him, phantoms might terrify, but could not harm him in this holy sanctuary. It was the last effort of the subtle tempter: he cast the baleful influence of his accursed wings in momentary dimness over the pure heart of the young convert, but this was all, there was nothing palpable in its horror, and although it hid for an instant those beams of triumphant faith, which had elevateed his spirit almost from earth to heaven, he grieved, but, knowing in whom he trusted, feared not.

The door opened, and Father Francis entered the room, followed by Mrs. Botelar and Alice, who, with Mr. Beverly, reverently knelt as he deposited the holy sacrament in the place prepared for it. Where now the shadows! where now the gloom! Oh, Lord God, could that moment ever be forgotten by him when thou didst come, borne by thy servant, and concealed under the pure and simple sacramental veil, to disperse the mists that clouded for a moment his soul by thy adorable and real presence, and abide for a season with him in his tabernacle of clay! Words are poor; it is a fullness of exceeding joy which can alone be worthily sung by angelic hosts, and a recollection which will aid us in our adoration of ecstasy above, when we bow before the throne of the "Lamb that was slain," and see him with unveiled countenance as he is. . . . It was over; the solemn and sublime rite, the humble confiteor had been whispered by contrite hearts, and in consecrated hands the sacred host had been lifted with these soul-thrilling words: "Behold him, behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world," and while Father Francis pronounced the words of communion, Clavering received the bread of life, the food of angels! What then was the world to him; its pains or joys; its sadness or delights; its gold or ambition; its fame or honor? Like a vision, past and forgotten with its ties, and loves, and hopes, it disturbed him not now, for all the feelings of his sensitive and discerning mind were merged into one great and sublime emotion of humble and unrivalled peace and faith, while tears from sacred and newly opened founts flowed in sweet and silent torrents from his heart.

MEMOIRS OF CHINA,

FROM THE LETTERS OF FATHERS CHAVAGNAC, FONTEROY, AND ARTOUX, WRITTEN IN THE YEARS 1703, 1704, 1705.

(From the London and Dublin Orthodox Journal.)

Obstacles to the conversion of Chinese Ladies.—The missionaries are presented to the emperor of China.—Of the city of Pekin, the capital of the empire.—The province and city of Nankin.—Journey of the emperor of China.—Manner of life, and dress adopted by the missionaries of China.—Construction of a church within the palace of the emperor.

AM about to detail to you some of the customs relative to the ladies in China; they seem to me to present an insurmountable obstacle to their conversion.

They never go out of doors, nor do they receive visits from men. It is a fundamental maxim, throughout all the empire, that a woman should never appear in public, and that she should never meddle with outdoor affairs; and to make them necessarily observe this principle, they are taught to believe that beauty consists not in the features of the countenance, but in smallness of feet. Thus their first care is to deprive themselves of the power of walking; a child only a month old has feet as large as those of a lady at forty.*

For this reason, the missionaries can never instruct them, either in person or by their catechists; they must first convert the husband, that either he himself may convert his wife, or allow some pious Christian to visit her in her apartment, and explain to her the mysteries of religion.

Besides, even when converted, they can not attend the church at the same time as the men. All that we have been able hitherto to obtain is, that they may assemble six or seven times a year, either in a particular church, or in the house of some of the faithful, to partake of the sacraments; in these assemblies baptism is conferred on those who are prepared for it.

I should also add that the ladies speak only the jargon of their province, so that it is very difficult for them to understand the language of the missionary, who very often knows nothing but the Mandarin language. We do all in our power to remedy this inconvenience. I remember an expedient discovered by the wife of a mandarin, a few days after my arrival at Soutcheou-Fou. As she could not understand the missionary to whom she wished to confess, she called her eldest son, and discovered her sins to him, that he might detail them to the confessor, and interpret the advice and instruction which he might give. Where could we find in Europe a similar example of simplicity and fervor?

We arrived at Pekin upon the 7th of February, 1688. The whole court was then in mourning for the death of the empress, grandmother to the emperor. When the days of sorrow were expired, the prince sent to know our names, our talents and acquirements. The empire at that time enjoyed a profound peace, which had been strengthened by his policy since his last two visits to Tartary. This gave us an opportunity of answering, amongst other things, that they admitted in France his genius and prudence, and that his valor and magnificence were subjects of universal esteem. He inquired the age of the king (Louis XIV), and wished to know the wars which he had conducted, and the manner in which he governed his kingdom. The officer, who spoke to us on the part of the emperor, told us that, though his master was not yet acquainted with us, still he had entertained the same benevolent

* Guthrie (p. 654) says that "No swathing is omitted, while they are young, to give them that accomplishment, so that when they grow up they may be said to totter rather than to walk. This fanciful piece of beauty was probably invented by the ancient Chinese to palliate their jealousy." This seems rather a strange reason.

dispositions toward us as towards the other fathers; that he regarded the courage with which we had deserted our parents and country, to preach the Gospel to the other extremity of the globe, as an evident proof of the truth of our religion. His majesty did not stop here; he did us the honor one day to send some of the tea and best wine from his own table.

It was the duty of the members of the tribunal of rites to present us to the emperor, as this was the tribunal which had been ordered to bring us to the court. For this reason we saw this formidable tribunal, before which, a few years before, the missionaries had appeared loaded with chains. Considering its office, there was nothing in it which struck us as being grand or magnificent. The mandarins, who were seated in an alcove, received us very honorably, and, causing us to sit down, spoke with us. The first president, who was a Tartar, having received the emperor's commands, told us that his majesty desired to see us upon the following day, and that we should be presented by the superior of our house.

On the 21st of March, 1688, we had the honor to salute the emperor. This great prince displayed great kindness in our regard, and after having playfully reproached us all for not being inclined to remain at his court, he declared that he retained Father Gerbillon and Father Bouvet in his service, and that he allowed the others to preach in the provinces of the empire. He then sent us a hundred pistoles, and ordered tea to be served up to us, which appeared to the Chinese an extraordinary kindness. After this visit, our only thought was of spreading over the provinces, there to labor for the conversion of the infidels. But, before leaving Pekin, we took the opportunity of visiting the curiosities of this far famed city.

Pekin is composed of two cities. The first, in the middle of which is the imperial palace, is called the city of the Tartars; the second that of the Chinese. They are united, and are each four leagues in circumference. The multitude and bustle is so great that you can hardly get along the streets, although they are very spacious, and although women are never seen in them.

We went to see the famous bell of Pekin, which weighs a hundred thousand weight, if we were correctly informed. It is formed like a cylinder, and is, in diameter, ten feet. Its height is half again its breadth, for this is the ordinary proportion in China. It is raised upon a tower of bricks and square stones, and covered with a roof formed of mats, since the former one of wood was destroyed by fire.

We saw likewise the observatory and its instruments; they are of bronze, and in very good condition, worthy of the magnificence of the emperor. But I do not know whether they will serve for very correct observations, as the divisions appear unequal to the eye, and the transverse lines do not join in several places.

The gates of the city appear larger and more magnificent than ours in France. They are very high, and enclose an extensive square court, surrounded by walls, upon which are built two saloons, as well upon the side towards the country, as on that next to the city. The walls of Pekin are of brick, about forty feet in height, and flanked, at intervals, twenty fathoms, by square towers, which are always in a state of defence. There are flights of stairs in several places for the ascent of cavalry.

After being upon our journey for sixteen days, we arrived, on the 14th of April, 1688, at Kiam-Tcheou, a city of the second order, belonging to the province of Chansi. The way from Pekin to this province is one of the most agreeable over which I have ever passed. Nine or ten cities lie upon it; one of them is that of Paotim-Fou, where the viceroy dwells. The country is flat and cultivated, the road even, and in several places it is bordered by trees, with walls to cover and secure the country. It is covered with men, vehicles, and beasts of burden, which are continually passing. In the space of one league are two or three villages, which cross the road, without including those which are seen on all sides to the edge of the horizon. Excellent bridges, composed of several arches, lie over the rivers. The most beautiful of these is about three leagues from Pekin: the parapets are of marble; on each side are one hundred and forty-eight small pillars, which support statues of lions in different attitudes, and at the extremities are four crouching elephants.

After having crossed the river Fuenho, which is to the east of Kiam-Tcheou, the country for six leagues is level, covered with

trees, and well cultivated; there are many villages upon each side, and a long chain of mountains skirts the horizon. The traveller has to pass through two cities of the third class, after which he arrives at the mountains, across which, after five days' journey, I had advanced forty leagues. Our road was ascending nearly all the way, and was in many places very difficult. The mountains, in the parts over which I passed, were in some places barren, but in general the land was fertile and cultivated, even to the edge of the precipices. You sometimes come to plains extending over three or four leagues, in the midst of hills and mountains; in such places the country seems delightful. I observed some of these mountains cut into terraces, from the summit to the ground. When the hills are stony, the Chinese throw the stones aside, and build with them low walls to support the terraces; they then level the good earth, and sow seed in it. It is an endless labor, but it shows the laborious disposition of these people. Amongst these hills there was but one city of the third magnitude; the villages, however, and the hamlets were very numerous. I there saw delf, like that manufactured in France; there are potteries in several parts, whose manufactures are sent to the neighboring provinces. I was one day in a deep and narrow road, where a number of wagons were in each other's way; I was expecting that the drivers would burst into a rage, quarrel, and perhaps come to blows, as is very frequently the case in Europe, but they only saluted each other, speaking with great kindness, as if they were old friends, after which they began to help one another to disentangle the wagons.

On arriving at the extremity of these mountains, over a road which is rough, though cut in the rock, we descried the province of Honam, and the Hoam-Ho, that is, the Yellow river which meanders across the plain to a great distance. I travelled for eighty leagues over this province, all the way upon level ground, which was so well cultivated that not an inch of it was lost. There were only seven cities upon my road; but I observed on every side of me so many towns and villages, that I think that Honam is one of the finest provinces in China.

After leaving the province of Honam, you enter that of Nankin, the capital of which is sixty leagues distant from the boundary. The province of Nankin is neither so beautiful nor so well peopled on this side as on the south.* After passing through four cities, I came to Pou-Keon, a small city, surrounded with strong walls, and situated upon the river Kiam. This mighty river, which traverses all China, from west to east, and which divides it into two parts which are almost equal, in one of which are comprehended the northern, and in the other the southern province, scatters plenty in its course, by means of the easy navigation which it affords to every description of vessels. Its breadth, before Pon-Keon, is nearly a league, and its depth in several places is more than two hundred feet.

The city of Nankin is not upon the Kiam, but two or three leagues upon the shore. It may be approached by several canals, which are always covered with boats, among which are many imperial barks, which, in size, might vie with ships. They are well built, varnished on the inside, and gilded without; they contain well furnished rooms and chambers for the use of the mandarins who come to the court, or who are obliged to visit the provinces.

It may be remarked that the name Nankin is no longer given to this city. The word Nankin† signifies, in Chinese, *the southern court*, as Pekin signifies *the northern court*. When the six tribunals of the empire possessed these cities between them, they were called courts; but as at the present day all these tribunals are united at Pekin, the emperor has given the name of Kiam-Nim to the city of Nankin. In common conversation, however, it retains its former name; but from all public acts it is expunged.

I arrived at Nankin on the 31st of May, 1688, and I remained there more than two years. During this time I visited the famous establishment of Christians at Cham-Hai; it is near the sea upon the east boundary, and eight days' journey from Nankin, although it belongs to the same province. This flourishing church owes its beginning to a learned

* The reader will be pleased to remember that the fathers were travelling from Pekin towards Nankin.

† To conform more to the English mode of spelling, I have dropped the final g, which properly belongs to these two names, since in the original they are written Peking and Nanking. In the name Tonquin I have retained the original spelling, Tong-king.

Chinese, who, by the celebrity of his conversion, drew many to Christianity.

In the beginning of the year 1689 the emperor visited the southern provinces. On the day before his arrival at Nankin, Father Gabiana and myself went out of the city two leagues upon the road by which his majesty was to enter. We spent the night in a village, in which were sixty Christians, all belonging to the same family. In the morning we saw the emperor pass. He graciously halted his train, and spoke to us in the most obliging manner. He was on horseback, and was followed by his body-guards and two or three thousand horsemen. The citizens proceeded to meet him with banners, silken flags, canopies, parasols, and other ornaments without number. At intervals of twenty paces, in the streets, were raised triumphal arches, covered with brocade, and adorned with festoons, ribbons, and tufts of silk. These were erected in all the streets through which he was to pass. The number of people in the streets was infinite, but every thing was so respectful and silent that not the least noise was heard. His majesty had resolved to depart upon the following day. The whole body of mandarins besought him to remain a few days longer, but he would not hear them; the people came afterwards to request the same favor, which was granted, and the emperor remained three days longer at Nankin.

During his stay in this city we went to the palace every day, and he did us the honor to send daily one or two of the gentlemen belonging to the court to our house. He sent to ask me if Canopus could be seen at Nankin: this is a clear star in the south part of the heavens, which by the Chinese is called *Lao-gin-Ling*, that is, the star of the old men, or of those who live a long time. I answered that it was to be seen early in the night, and therefore one evening he came to the old observatory solely to see it.

These favors of the emperor were very honorable to us, as he did them before the whole of his court, and the mandarins* of the neighboring provinces returned home favorably inclined towards our holy law and the missionaries who preached it. His majesty left Nankin on the 22d of March to return to Pekin. As it was our duty to accompany him some part of the time, we travelled in his suite for thirty leagues. We then halted to meet him upon the banks of a river. He perceived us, and had the goodness to approach our canoe, which was towed by his own bark for more than two leagues. He was seated in an alcove. The first thing he did was to read our *cheou-puen*, or return of thanks, which was made in writing according to the custom in China. It was written in very small characters, for it is the custom, when inferiors address their superiors, the higher the superior is in dignity, the characters used by the inferiors in writing to them should be smaller and finer.

This mighty prince treated us with much familiarity in this last visit. He inquired how we had crossed the Kiam, and whether there were any of our churches upon the way. He himself showed us the books which he had with him, and gave, in our presence, orders to several mandarins whom he had summoned. After having sent to our canoe a quantity of bread and other provisions from his own table, he dismissed us loaded with honors.

This prince, seeing all his kingdom in profound peace, resolved, either for divertisement or employment, to learn the sciences of Europe. He selected arithmetic, the elements of Euclid, practical geometry and philosophy. Fathers Thomas, Gerbillon, and Bouvet were ordered to compose treatises upon those subjects. To the first was assigned arithmetic; the province of the other two was the elements of Euclid and geometry. They composed their treatises in Tartar. Those who had been appointed their masters in this language reviewed the work together with them; and if any word appeared obscure or ill-chosen, they substituted another. The fathers presented and explained these demonstrations to the emperor, who, easily understanding their instructions, admired more and more the solidity of our sciences, and applied to them with renewed ardor.

They went to the palace every day, and passed two hours every morning and evening with his majesty. He made them mount to his alcove, and obliged them to sit by his side to show him the figures and explain them with greater ease.

* "The mandarins in China are the chief officers, governors of provinces, presidents of tribunals, and chiefs of the imperial palace; there are several orders of them." French Ed. Dignity in China is marked by these classes; in the same manner a duke would represent a first mandarin, &c.

The pleasure which he derived from the first lessons was so great that, even when he went to one of his pleasure houses two leagues distant from Pekin, he did not interrupt his pursuits. The fathers were obliged to go there every day notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. They set out from Pekin at four in the morning, and did not return till nightfall. Almost as soon as they had reached home they had to recommence their work, and oftentimes to sit up to a late hour to prepare the lesson for the following day. The extreme fatigue caused by these journeys and watchings sometimes overpowered them; but their desire of satisfying the emperor, and of rendering him favorable to our holy religion, supported them and soothed all their pains. When they retired his majesty was not idle; he repeated in private all their explanations, read over the demonstrations, called some of the princes, his children, to explain them to them himself, and he did not rest till he had made himself master of what he desired to know.

The emperor continued this study for four or five years with the same assiduity, without ever diminishing his application to the concerns of state, and without ever failing to give audience to the great officers of his household and to the supreme courts. It was not to him a mere speculation; he reduced what he had learned to practice, which rendered his studies very agreeable, and made him perfectly comprehend what he had been taught.

He himself levelled, for a space of three or four leagues, the steepness of a river. Sometimes he himself measured, according to the rules of geometry, the distances of places, the height of mountains, the length and size of rivers and fords, taking his positions, pointing his instruments correctly, and making the most difficult calculations exactly. He then caused the fathers to measure the distances, and was quite delighted when he found his own calculations conformable to them. His nobles who were present never failed to express their admiration upon these occasions. He received their applause with pleasure, but always referred the praise to the glory of the European sciences, and of the masters who were his instructors. Thus was his majesty employed, living in a familiarity with the fathers, which is not ordinary with the princes of China.

Our earliest missionaries in China were very zealous and desirous to wear garments, in these as in their other missions, which should mark their disengagement from the world. The illustrious Gregory Lopez, bishop of Basilea, and others have frequently told me that Father Matthew Ricci, founder of the Chinese missions, lived thus in the first years of his stay in that country, and that he remained seven years among the bonzies, wearing a dress not very different from theirs, and living in a very humble manner. All the bonzies loved him for his sweetness and modesty; they honored his virtue. He learned from them the Chinese language and characters, but during this time he made scarcely any conversions. The sciences of Europe were then new in China, and a few of the mandarins had the curiosity to see him. He pleased them, for his manner was respectful and insinuating: some of them, convinced of his capacity, had an affection for him, and began to converse more frequently with him. Having learned from him, in conversation, the principal motive of his coming amongst them, which was that he desired to preach the law of God in China, and having heard from him its principal truths, they praised his intention; but they advised him to change his plan; "for," said they, "in the state in which you are few people will listen to you, and you will not be allowed even to remain for any length of time in the country. As you are a wise man, live like our wise men, and then you may speak to every one. The mandarins, who are accustomed to respect men of learning, will honor you likewise; they will receive your visits, and the people, seeing you held in consideration by them, will listen gladly to your instructions."

F. Ricci, who had, by experience, already discovered the truth of their remarks, having prayed to God, and consulted his superiors, followed the advice of the mandarins.

Fifty years afterwards, when our (Jesuit) missionaries had already formed an extensive establishment of Christians, the religious of the orders of St. Francis and St. Dominic passed from the Philippine islands into China. But, whether through ignorance or through a notion that is was more proper to wear their religious habit, they went in that dress, with a crucifix in their hands, to preach in the streets. They had the merit of much suffering, of being beaten, imprisoned, and sent back to their own

country; but they could not effect the good ends for which they had hoped. This they experienced so often, and always to the prejudice of their principal design, that, by common consent, and by the repeated commands of their general superiors, they resolved, at last, to dress and live like our missionaries.

Only two years ago we met two or three religious arrived from Italy, who wished to adopt this first plan, and to wear their poor and coarse habits, as they had done in Europe. Their brethren were the first to oppose this design. The bishop of Pekin, who belonged to their order, caused them, two years afterwards, to change their dress, and put them on an equal footing with the other missionaries.

When, therefore, any fathers enter China, they must take the character of the literary men of this country. This is a plan which they can not reject after it has been approved by so much experience. If the Chinese do in reality regard us as men of letters and European doctors, which are honorable names, befitting our profession, it is necessary for us to observe all the etiquette and manners of that class of men, that we should wear silk, and that we should, like them, when we visit, use carriages.

Even supposing that we had not this general motive for this conduct, we should adopt it merely to conform to the ordinary practice of the country, for the generality of persons wear silk dresses, and make their visits in carriages. Amongst them these customs betoken neither magnificence nor vanity, but it is a mark of regard towards those whom they visit, and a proof that they are neither poor nor contemptible. In Europe, it is true, the use of silk is becoming the rich and great alone; for such dresses are precious and costly, and therefore it is not wonderful that they are not proper for poor religious men; but in China the ordinary classes of men, and even the servants, speaking generally, are dressed in silk. By these notions and customs, and not by those which we follow in France, our conduct is to be regulated, and by this criterion should the pious examine the conduct of our missionaries, lest they should imagine that they are effeminate in a country to which they have come actuated solely by their desire of living in great perfection, and of suffering much to extend the reign of the Gospel.

In these remarks I refer to visits only, for in their house, where the Chinese dress as they think proper, the missionaries live very humbly, using for their dress the most common stuffs, and when they perform missions in the villages, they travel on foot. Even in the cities, some of them walk, on some occasions; but still this may be dangerous to their religion; for without mentioning the railleries and scoffs which they draw upon themselves, and which certainly do not dispose the Chinese to listen to them, they should remember that the fathers are merely tolerated in China, that they should appear but seldom in public, lest the mandarins, offended at seeing them so numerous, or even at seeing the same persons often, should think them too bold, and should deem it their duty to speak of the matter at court. For this reason the missionaries are necessarily very cautious. I will allow, if required, that it would not be exactly the same if any of them had received the gift of miracles, which the apostles used; a missionary invested with this authority, might travel on foot, with his staff in his hand, clothed as he might think proper, through all the cities of China. The people, attracted by the fame of his prodigies, would run in crowds to see him and listen to his doctrine; they would respect him and listen with docility to his words; they would admire his poverty, because they would think that riches were at his command. But even supposing a man of this description to exist, we must not, by any means, imagine that the other missionaries who had not received the same power, and who would still wish to act in the same manner, would find the people equally respectful and docile to their instructions.

It was in the month of January, 1699, that the emperor granted permission to Father Gerbillon to erect a church within the enclosure of his palace. Some time afterwards this prince inquired of all the missionaries at his court whether they were willing to contribute to the erection of this edifice, a good work in which he would also participate. He then distributed to each of them fifty gold crowns, giving them to understand that he wished them to be used for this purpose. He moreover furnished a part of the materials, and nominated some of the mandarins to preside over the work. They had only two thousand eight hundred livres

when they dug the foundations; for the remainder they reposed securely upon the assistance of Providence, and, in the infinite goodness of God, it has not failed.

Four entire years have been employed in the erection and ornamenting of this church, which is one of the most beautiful and most regular in all the east. I do not pretend to describe it exactly; it will be enough to give you a slight idea of it.

The entrance is fifty feet in length, by forty square; it is between two sides of a house, which are two large saloons built in the Chinese manner: one is used for meetings, and for the instructions of catechumens, in the other we receive our visiters. In this latter are suspended the portraits of the king of France, the dauphin, the reigning king of Spain, of the king of England, and of several other princes,* with mathematical and musical instruments. There are also shown all the finest engravings which have been published, in order to display to the whole world the magnificence of the court of France. The Chinese looked at them all with surprising curiosity.

At the end of this court the church is built. Its length is sixty-five feet, its breadth thirty-three, and its height thirty. The interior is composed of two orders of architecture; of each order there are sixteen half columns covered with a green varnish; the pedestals of the lower order are of marble; those of the others are gilt, as well as the capitals, the fillets of the cornice, of the frize and of the architecture. The frize seems covered with ornaments which are in reality only painted. The other parts of the summit are varnished with different taints, according to their inclination from the surface, one lower than another. In the upper order are twelve large windows, formed in an arch, six on each side, and by these all the light of the church enters.

The ceiling is all painted; it is divided into three parts: the centre represents an open dome, of a rich style of architecture, which is composed of marble columns supporting a line of arches, surmounted by a fine balustrade. The columns themselves are enclosed within another beautifully designed balustrade, with vases of flowers placed in different parts; above is the eternal Father, seated in the clouds, amidst a group of angels, and holding the world in his hand.

It was in vain that we told the Chinese that all this was painted upon a level surface; they could not be persuaded but that the columns were erect, as they seemed to be. It is true that the light is so well managed amongst this assemblage of arches and columns that a person might easily be deceived. The piece was executed by M. Gherardini, an Italian artist.

At each side of the dome are two beautiful paintings formed within two ovals. The wall behind the altar is painted, as well as the ceiling, and it forms a continuation of the architecture of the church in perspective. It is delighting to watch the Chinese who come up to look at what they think a part of the church, which is behind the altar. They come up to it, retire to a little distance, return, touch the wall, to discover if it be neither raised or sunk in any part.

The altar is proportioned exactly to the rest of the church; when adorned with the rich presents which we have received from his majesty, it seems to be an altar erected by a great prince to the sole Maker of kings.

The church was not in a condition to be opened before the end of the year, 1704. The ceremony was performed upon a Sunday. Father Grimaldi, visiter of the company (Jesuits) in this part of the east, accompanied by several other of the missionaries of different nations, performed the solemn blessing. Twelve catechists in surplices bore the cross, candlesticks, thuribles, &c.; two priests in their surplices and stoles walked at each side of the officiating clergyman, the other missionaries followed two by two, and then came the crowd of the faithful, whom devotion had assembled.

When the benediction had been completed, all present fell prostrate before the altar. The fathers arranged in the sanctuary, and the faithful in the nave, struck the ground with their foreheads several times. A solemn high mass, with deacon and subdeacon, was celebrated by Father Gerbillon, who may justly be regarded as the founder of this new church. Many of the faithful communicated; prayers were offered for his Christian majesty, and at the end of mass Father Grimaldi pronounced

*The different sovereigns of Europe at this period (1704) were:—England, Queen Anne; France, Louis XIV; Spain, Philip V; dauphin, duke of Burgundy, commonly called the great dauphin.

a very affecting discourse. The ceremony was concluded by the baptism of a great number of catechumens.

Mass was celebrated upon Christmas night with the same solemnity, and in the presence of a like concourse of the faithful. If the Chinese ornaments and appendages, which had something very rustic about them, had not made me remember that I was in a foreign mission, I should have fancied myself in the middle of France, where religion is so unrestrained and free.

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

(From our European Correspondent.)

ITALY.—*The Catacombs.*—For fear I may fill my sheet without saying any thing about Rome, I will cut off other matters till I make you a sharer in the pleasure I experienced last week in a visit to the catacombs. It was the second time that I saw the interior of these singular places, more interesting and sacred monuments, I think, than the richest sanctuaries that stand above them. The first time I went to them was the day after my arrival in Rome, when the fatigue of travelling, and gazing about, unfitted me for relishing the visit. This time I enjoyed it much more, and though you have heard and read a great deal of them, still I think you will find it not uninteresting to hear about them again from one you know. The form of the catacombs is simply that of long, low and narrow galleries cut through the earth, running in straight lines, and branching off in many directions, so as to form a complete labyrinth. The roof is commonly flat, and so low as to be easily touched with the hand, and the passage is so narrow as to be touched on both sides by only extending the elbows. There are some few places where it is enlarged so as to form a little room twelve or fifteen feet square. The tombs were formed by simply cutting into the sides recesses of the size of the bodies to be buried. The bodies were laid in, and the recesses closed up with slabs of stone or earthenware, so that the passage remained as before, except that the stone marked the place already occupied. In the catacombs of St. Sebastian, which I was in, all the bodies have been removed, and the recesses left open, except some very few about which there were not proofs sufficient to show that the person was a martyr. These have been reclosed. These tombs are met at every step, and commonly in two rows, one above the other. They were evidently made always for the particular body that was deposited, for they are of every variety of sizes, some of them being for little infants only a few months old. Some were made different, so as to receive a stone coffin; and one, where a sovereign pontiff was interred, was formed in a large arched niche, the bottom of which was ornamented with mosaic, of which a fragment still remains. This is one of those little rooms I mentioned, which was used as a chapel. These rooms are plastered, while the little passages are left with the naked black earth. In some of the catacombs these little chapels are ornamented with paintings, containing Christian emblems, particularly of the Good Shepherd, the Resurrection of Lazarus, and Jonas swallowed by the whale. I hope before I go away to be able to visit some of those catacombs, particularly that of St. Agnes. There are large folio volumes filled with engravings of the pictures and inscriptions found, and at present Father Marchi, the superintendent, is publishing a work giving an account of the new discoveries.

In one of these little chapels, St Philip Neri was in the habit of spending the night in prayer for ten years. He made every day the visit of the seven churches, of which St. Sebastian's and St. Paul's stand a good way out from town, and he commonly spent the night in the catacombs of St. Sebastian's. In another chapel near the entrance, an altar marks the spot where was found the body of St. Sebastian. The altar is in the middle of the chapel; and in the wall opposite to it is a small hole surrounded by ancient sculpturing, in which the blessed sacrament was preserved; in front of it is a low marble column with the top sculptured in the form of a flame, on which was placed the lamp that burned before the tabernacle. We saw also the spot where was found the body of St. Cecilia; it was marked with a Latin inscription in very old Gothic letters.

In a great many places there was a small round hole cut in the dirt near the tomb, and that served to hold the little phial of blood, which indicated, with certainty, the tomb of a martyr, and in one of them we saw still standing a stone with a palm branch

highly carved, which likewise served to mark the triumph of a martyr. It was the only one that I saw in its place—but I have seen great numbers of them in the vatican museum. We went only through a small portion, the part that is seen with safety, without danger of being lost. The entire extent I do not know: we passed about fifteen branches that had been walled up to prevent persons from getting astray; and we were told that not less than forty thousand bodies had been buried there, among them more than thirty popes. It gave me a strange sensation, as we were groping our way along with candles, to think how many centuries ago that ground had been sanctified by the saints whose fidelity preserved us our religion—to fancy some of the scenes that occurred there every day—the fervor of those faithful souls at the holy sacrifice—their fears, their confidence, their fortitude. And now the body of some holy martyr (either bought with money, they could hardly spare, or stolen at the risk of life), brought down by torch-light, through those dark and narrow galleries—the prayers of mingled melancholy and joy that the poor mother or daughter poured out in sobs, seeking some side passage where she might kneel, without impeding those who passed—then the stouter friends, with charitable zeal, working as well as the darkness and narrowness would let them—the sudden frights, the silent trembling, the active charity, the steady confidence in God, the price of many of the favors which we now enjoy to this day.

We give from the same interesting source an extract from a letter, which, though it will appear rather out of time, I am sure none of our readers will consider out of place.

St. Sulpice, Paris,
Feast of St. Thomas à Becket.

My dear S.—A happy Christmas and new year to you across the wide Atlantic! My Christmas was spent in this pious community, of which I had heard so much, the seminary of St. Sulpice. It was a happiness which I longed for. After three weeks' tossing on the waters, without mass, without a priest, without even a Catholic friend to talk with, I felt, you may suppose, a strong desire to enjoy the beauties and the consolations of our holy religion; particularly at the solemn festival that was approaching, I was anxious to approach again the holy altar which for so long I had not even seen. And I was favored so far as not only to be enabled to celebrate the birth of our divine Saviour, but to do so in the midst of a community so especially devoted to the service of his holy mother. For the first time in my life, too, I attended at a real midnight mass, celebrated in the large chapel of the seminary, with the greatest solemnity. Two sub-deacons and four deacons assisted the celebrant. The responses! the Gloria, Credo, the Introit, Kyrie, Gradual, &c. &c., were sung in the Gregorian chant by the *hundred and eighty* seminarians attending in full choir. Each wears over his surplice a large black cape with a hood, not unlike the bishop's, except that the hood is large enough to fit close on the head, and to cover the ears, having, however, a little segment of a hoop on top, so as to make it resemble a black helmet. As they sat in the large oaken shells along the walls, with those hoods sometimes on the head, and sometimes thrown back upon the shoulders, it was really as if I were transported in a dream to some old choir of monks in the middle ages; it was hard to realize that the figures were of young men of sixteen to thirty years. . . . .

But I suppose you are not satisfied with my leaping over a whole month. Our passage was very rough; the captain had never before seen weather so bad continue so long. From the first, however, I felt great confidence both in the ship and the captain. I had heard such tales too, and seen such pictures representing waves shooting up straight above your head, almost to the clouds, that I felt quite easy and familiar with the little ones that honored us with their attendance—not familiar, neither—for it is really grand, even divested of that extravagance which is so cheap on canvass; I mean rather that I could enjoy the solemnity of the scene without terror. Hour after hour would I stand, leaning over the bulwarks, watching every changing form of the great billows rolling by. Our ship seemed always in the bottom of a great basin, the sides of which were formed by the waves, not rolling on, but heaving, and falling constantly in irregular black masses, like piles of rock. As we pressed on, the dark mass in front would sink to receive us, but still there was more beyond. Sometimes a wave, rolling underneath, would raise us up, and we would catch a glimpse of the horizon; then, as we sank again, often the prow of the ship would plough deep into the bank of waters before us, change it suddenly from an ebony black to snow white foam, which would come boiling and swelling along the side of the ship, rising, perhaps, above our heads (but always beyond our reach), and then roll away, changing from white to a beautiful green, and then to same jet black, until, perhaps, it would meet an opposite wave, when instantly that beautiful crest of white would form again, and sink at last with the waters around—sic transit gloria mundi.

After all, nature is stranger than fiction. There is one characteristic of truth, whether in nature, in the arts, or in morals, which I think will never be found to fail; it is, that it shows itself more, and pleases the beholder more, *the longer he views it.* I felt at first disappointed at the sea, but the more I saw of it the more my admiration grew. Every

day I wondered more, as I saw that immense body of water rising and falling, like the breathing of some immense giant; from a smooth, gentle concave at your side, it would slowly swell up, like a heap of rocks, till you had to raise your head to see the top, and then lazily it would sink again, and heave up in another spot. But, indeed, it is no use to try to describe it; so entire was the irregularity, so incessant the changes, that sometimes as I would try to watch one spot, I would get bewildered, and have to turn my eyes upon another. It was more quiet, and a relief to view the surface when it was somewhat smoother. For some time I wondered where was the *green* that I had heard attributed to the sea; it was to me all one dreary waste of *black;* but when I looked down, close by the vessel's side, then as the foam from the prow was whirled along, down under the surface, the water above it, seen against that white foam, gave a brighter or a paler green, as the foam was deeper or nearer the surface, and as it would roll on smoothly out through the bright path of the sun's rays, the green would turn to beautiful opal tint. At night, too, it was pleasant to see, all along the line of the water's edge, a constant succession of lights, as of innumerable fire-flies, playing in the water, and now and then, as a beautiful fantastic wreath of froth would lie dancing and curling about on the smooth surface, a number of these lights would flash out just beneath it, and make it seem a fairy garland of flame. I find my recollections of the sea are so lively, that I still keep talking of it.

At once to France. The fog, which had made our progress up the channel very slow, cleared away on the morning of the 22d, just in time to give us a fine view of Havre. As the curtain rolled away, it discovered a view prettier than any I have seen in pictures of harbors. But I have blundered enough at descriptions. At one o'clock we were on shore, just six days later than passengers who had sailed fifteen days before us. La Belle France! my first step upon her shore was up to shoe-tops in mud, and so were my first three hundred, for walk where I would, it was mud, mud. I wanted to look up at the old-fashioned houses, but I had to pick my steps. Numbers of women were in the streets, with white muslin caps, some rising up in a cone above the head; little boys playing marbles, and jabbering French; draymen with their blue frocks, horses with immense collars, covered with blue flannel; old men in night-caps, and carrying great baskets of vegetables strapped upon their backs, all chattering or shouting in French (except the horses), made me feel sensibly that I was no longer in America. Will you believe it, on entering the church I felt disappointed, and even worse? In the first place, I felt at a loss; I could not understand the arrangement; I actually hesitated which to consider the grand altar, and I could not at all learn whether the blessed sacrament was in the church. I was afterwards told it was on a retired altar, which I had not seen. I knelt down; I had come in expressly to make a short act of thanksgiving for my safe arrival, but really with my lightness of mind, the embarrassment, and the novelty of all around, I could hardly recollect myself even for a moment, and I had to retire unsatisfied, and made my offering in my little room at the hotel, the only place where I could feel at all at home. I found it the same for two or three days. There was so much that was new to me, that I was in constant distraction.

It was not till I became more accustomed to the places, that I could feel any thing like devotion. There was one exception. After I had gone through the venerable cathedral of Rouen, and seen its antiquities and its beauties, more with a curious than a devout spirit, I went to the smaller church of St. Oen. There again I was strolling and gazing, until I chanced to see a little kneeling-desk, in the top of which was set a paper, framed and covered with glass. I had to kneel in order to examine it. It was a prayer, and an act of consecration to the Sacred Heart, and looking up, I found I was before a beautiful little altar, ornamented with that touching emblem of our Saviour's burning love. It was a simple, but a forcible invitation to any passer-by, and I felt there was no one to whom it was more appropriate than myself. His last favor, of a safe and timely passage through the dangers of the sea, and that one in anticipation of visiting the city of the apostles, the centre of religion, were new effects of his unbounded love; and my ungrateful neglect, and the equally long patience of that tender heart, still flaming as brightly as before, came strongly before my mind. I felt that I was really in the house of prayer.

In Paris I have been rambling about a good deal, just getting a glimpse of things. I have been to Notre Dame, venerable and grand, and I have been to the church of St. Magdalen, rich and magnificent; but I will not pretend to describe either. The latter is almost too showy, but I felt better pleased with it, when I saw outside a large statue of St. Helena by the side of St. Francis of Sales. Inside of the Madeleine again, around the sanctuary, is a painting of St. Helena, between St. James and St. Paul.

Here, in the seminary, the entrance to their beautiful chapel is through an elegant oratory of the Blessed Virgin, containing a beautiful statue, a copy of that of the *Solitude*, which you have seen in pictures. Here at St. Sulpice I find Mother Seton's nephew, M. Bailly, formerly an Episcopal minister near New York. He made his first communion in Rome last spring (1842), and he is now

preparing himself for the priesthood. He has a high name in New York for talent and learning, and I have found him remarkably amiable and interesting. He says he feels a strong interest for the community which his revered aunt loved so much, and he hopes, on his return, to make a pilgrimage to St. Joseph's, one of his first and most gratifying duties. Here are also Mr. Lyndon of Boston, and Mr. Haskens, ten years a minister in the same city.

Death of Cardinal Capaccini.—We have to announce the death of Cardinal Capaccini on the 15th ult. at Rome. The cardinal, as our readers well know, had been raised to the purple so late as the 21st of April last, and had long been a faithful servant of the holy see, having been successively nuncio in the Netherlands, at Naples, and Portugal, besides holding other important offices.

Health of the Pope.—The following paragraph appeared in the daily papers of Saturday, but as we happen to know that the very frequent report of the pope's illness, the death of this great cardinal, or the serious indisposition of that important functionary at the court of Rome, which so often appear in the papers, have their origin not always in mere idle rumor or purposeless chit-chat, but, at least at times, in deep design, which too often answers the purpose of those who spread them, we have generally waited for some confirmation before giving an apparent sanction to these reports by transferring them to our columns: "Letters from Rome state that the health of his holiness the pope is such as to cause very great alarm. He suffers much from a cancer in the nose, with which he has been for some time afflicted. The disease has been latterly somewhat checked, but within the last few days has again acquired fresh virulence. Mauro-Capellari Grégoire XVI, appointed cardinal in 1825, was raised to the apostolic chair on February 2, 1831. He was born in 1765, and is consequently now nearly eighty years of age.—*Tablet.*

Varro.—Signor Vincenzo Devit, a distinguished professor of the college of Padua, has, it is said, made a discovery of great interest in the field of classical literature. In an ancient manuscript in the library of that establishment, he has found a set of unpublished maxims by Varro, the illustrious contemporary of Cæsar and Augustus, and friend and client of Cicero.—*Ibid.*

The Vatican.—We hear from Rome, that his holiness the pope has issued an order opening to the public, for the future, the department of printed books in the library of the Vatican, and for the preparation of a catalogue of its contents for their use. The measure has given great satisfaction to the Italian *savans;* for, although the collection in question consists only of some thirty-five thousand printed volumes, there are amongst them many rare, and some unique works—and a great number contain marginal notes by celebrated men.—*Ibid.*

FRANCE.—*The Jesuit Question.*—We are glad to be able to say that the rumors in relation to the suppression of the Jesuits in France, have proved to be highly exaggerated, and that all the concessions made to M. De Rossi have emanated from Father Roothman himself, the superior of that disfinguished, most useful, and zealous order. These concessions have reference only to the government of the principal Jesuit colleges in France. We will lay before our readers the remarks of the minister of foreign affairs, and of Count De Montalembert, in relation to the matter, the subsequent explanation from the "Univers," from which the reader will be satisfied of the meagreness of these concessions, and of the misapprehensions under which M. De Rossi has, in his precipitancy, placed the minister of foreign relations.

The Marquis *De Boissy* asked for some explanations on the late negotiations at Rome, and the treaty of Morocco.

The *Minister of Foreign Affairs* regretted that the session was not to last a fortnight longer, as he should then be able to speak on the treaty of Morocco, whereas at present he considered it to be his duty to keep silent. As to the negotiations at Rome, he had to say that the government, though able to have recourse to temporal weapons, was disinclined to employ them. A struggle between the temporal and spiritual power had always turned out a grave matter, even when the former was certain to prevail. Besides, the government apprehended that the church, in beholding temporal arms used, might deem itself attacked. The government, since its accession to power, having done so much for the church, which, since 1802, had been defended by all the governments, after having been so harshly treated for nearly sixty years before, did not like to lose the good opinion that it had merited by any violent attack. (Hear.) The Catholic church was distrustful, and the government was unwilling to let it take up the cause of the Jesuits as its own. (Hear, hear.) Hence it endeavored to arrange the matter by means of the church itself. The agent of the government laid before the court of Rome a faithful statement of the state of facts, the state of the law, and the state of men's minds in France. The result has been that the community of the Jesuits in France is to be dispersed, their houses are to be closed, and their noviciates interrupted. He might stop there, for the chamber knew the facts of the case, but he went further. The court of Rome had, like the government, only made use of spiritual arms. It laid before the Society of Jesus the facts, the law, and the state of men's minds in

France, and then allowed that body to decide the case itself. The Society of Jesus was of opinion that the state of things which disquieted France ought to cease. (Hear, hear.) He would now ask if the conduct of the government, in this matter, had not been the most liberal, the most religious, and the most pacific? (Hear, hear.) It was by the accord of the reason and free determination of each of the parties concerned, that the question had been determined. Let the chamber then judge if this policy had not been the most sagacious and the most prudent that could be adopted in so delicate a matter? (Loud approbation.)

Count de Montalembert.—Gentlemen, I should not have been the person to commence this discussion, because I am not fully informed on many points that are essential to a just appreciation of the true character of the measures that have been taken at Rome, and which are a subject of congratulation to the king's government. But as the discussion has been commenced by another, I can not refrain from expressing, in very few words, my impressions about the issue of this affair, and about the consequences of the result achieved by the king's government. First, and in principle, after what has just fallen from the minister of foreign affairs, I flatter myself that if ever, either on some new occasion, or in speaking of the past, the question of the Jesuits shall come under discussion, we shall not again hear addressed to them the reproach which has been heard so often in this tribune and elsewhere—that of obeying a foreign superior. For, from the avowal the minister has just made, it is clear that the greatest gratitude is due to them on the score of that foreign authority, for which they have been so bitterly reproached; that subordination; that discipline; that passive obedience through which alone the king's government has gained the triumph of which it boasts. (Laughter.) Let it then be well understood, once for all, that the obedience of the Jesuits to a foreign superior is not a crime; let this be no longer made a matter of reproach against them. I have great hopes that no one will refuse to concede this point; for most certainly if the men whose conduct we are now discussing had not been bound to obey a foreign superior, the victory of the government over them would not have been so easy; and you may be very certain that those liberties, of which the minister gave you just now so eloquent an enumeration, would have effectively secured them a safe and easy means of escape from the terms to which they have been now subjected. True, a settlement of another kind has been made, and I adopt the definition of that settlement which has just been given by the minister. As matters now stand, I have not the means of verifying his assertions, nor have I any intention to dispute them. But, after the congratulations in which the minister has indulged, I think it necessary to tell you that this is by no means the whole of the question; that the struggles which for several years past have so frequently taken place in this tribune and elsewhere, have a bearing which extends far beyond this question of the Jesuits. When the minister of foreign affairs said just now that henceforward the clergy run no risk of confounding their interests with those of the Jesuits, he has forgotten that already the clergy *are* at issue with you about an interest of their own; and that not only the clergy, but all the Catholics to boot, all the men who are in earnest about religion, are already involved in the discussion of a question which will survive that of the Jesuits, as it has preceded it—that is to say—the question of religious liberty, and of the liberty of instruction. In what the keeper of the seals the other day called "*the Catholic party*"—an appellation the propriety of which I shall not now discuss—we are not at all Jesuits; we have not at all a general at Rome; and all of us, except the Jesuits, still hold possession of those liberties which the minister has just enumerated. It now remains for you to subjugate what has been called *the Jesuit spirit*, and those whom it animates, that is, every man who desires freedom of conscience, and freedom for the church. What then has been brought about by virtue of that settlement which the minister of foreign affairs has just explained? Something unexpected has happened—I avow it. What has been regarded and described as the advanced guard of the Catholic army has been made suddenly, at the command of their chief, to lay down their arms and file off without saying a word under the enemy's fire. This is your triumph—I admit; but, more than all, it is a triumph of discipline and of heroic obedience. Having gained this triumph, you still have before you the main battle; the unbroken array of your antagonists; the whole Catholic population under the leadership of those eighty bishops who last year protested against your proposed law of secondary instruction; of those sixty bishops who have condemned the *Gallican Manual*. This is what remains behind. In no sense whatever, then, is this question adjusted by what has taken place at Rome and by your success. I say *your success;* for I detest every thing that bears the remotest resemblance to bad faith, and I desire neither to undervalue nor to deny the amount of the ministerial victory. What, after all, was the real state of the Jesuit question? Assuredly, no one can mistake the purport of what I am about to say. The question was full of embarrassment for the government; but there were others beside the government who were embarrassed by it also. No one will impute to me the intention of saying a single word that can seem harsh or even indifferent to men whom I love and

honor more than ever, and whose interests I have defended more warmly, perhaps, than any other person. Of a truth, when I think of the present lot of these men, who, alone amongst us all, Frenchmen like ourselves, are banished from their homes, from the fellowship that binds them together, from their property, some among them from their libraries, from their monastic life, from all the resources, all the enjoyments, all the habits of their past lives, and driven out to beg for shelter among cold or doubtful friends; when I think of all those young men of whom the minister spoke when he referred to the breaking up of the noviciates, who are about to be flung back upon a world for which they were not made, and which they had voluntarily renounced; when I think of the deplorable fate to which they are consigned by a policy which is ridden by merciless prejudices, I have no room in my heart for any sentiment but pity, and I am persuaded that the minister himself partakes my feelings, himself deplores the fate of these his victims. This feeling animates him, as it does me; and I am sure, therefore, that I would rather tear my heart out than come here to betray or abandon, in any fashion whatever, men whose calamities are so sacred in my eyes. But, after having done my best to defend them, and with the full intention of never ceasing to defend them, I may be allowed to say that their defence was one of the embarrassments of the cause of religious liberty. In what sense do I use this expression? Every man, and every cause that ever existed have embarrassments, which it is the part of wisdom to learn how to endure. We have been content to march under the load of that unjust, iniquitous, absurd, and monstrous unpopularity, which inveterate prejudice has heaped upon the Jesuits. We have borne it courageously, cheerfully, and, I venture to say it, proudly as those burdens should be borne, which are made up of nothing but what is honorable. Well, then, by your aid, we have got rid of this burden. I do not thank you for it; I offer you no congratulations—God forbid; but I may at least be allowed to put the fact beyond a doubt, and leave the world no room to think that we are cast down and vanquished by your victory. Yes, I repeat it: by your victory—since victory it is—you have delivered us from this embarrassment. It is now no longer possible to set up as a mark the men who demand the freedom of the church, and the freedom of education. Never more can you invoke the phantom of Jesuitism. We do not congratulate ourselves on this result, but neither do we allow it to afflict us beyond measure. This phantom has prejudiced against us, very unreasonably indeed, but very really, many men more or less religious. It has put arms into the hands of that hypocritical irreligion which dares not to proclaim itself openly, and which, of all forms of irreligion, is the most dangerous. Every one must feel this to be true, and, in fact, every one acknowledges it. Allow me to carry you, very briefly, a little further back than the minister of foreign affairs has thought fit to do. How is it that the Jesuits have been brought into this question? Did any one think of them two or three years ago? Certainly not. On the contrary, at that time, those who evoked the phantom of Jesuitism, were laughed at for their pains. How, then, have *they* been brought into this question? How have *they* been dragged into this arena of political passions and strifes? You all know very well; it has been in connection with the dispute about the teaching and the monopoly of the university. Before that, no one thought of them. There was in the charter a promise of liberty; there was another thing which was called the university monopoly—a monopoly altogether at variance with the promise of the charter; a fact upon which all the world is agreed. Well, siege was laid to the monopoly; an attempt was made to get rid of it. Upon this, what was the course taken by the men most interested in the defence, in the preservation of this monopoly? I do not now speak of the present ministry, nor of a former one, but of certain men specially interested in the maintenance of the monopoly, which all on a sudden found itself besieged by a numerous army, an army filled with energy, and marching under the flag of the charter. They have done exactly what men do in a besieged town. They have made a skilful diversion; they have made a vigorous sally; they considered well their position; they have said among themselves—"Ah! you come to attack us in the name of liberty and the charter; well, it shall be our game to creep round you, and fall upon that flank of yours which is most vulnerable and most exposed, raising a shout against the Jesuits." The scheme was very well contrived, and it has succeeded very well! Thereupon, what has been the course of the government and of the opposition? I do not wish to recriminate in regard to a question that is disposed of; but, yet I must say that the practical men in France, the men of the government, and of the opposition, have miserably placed themselves in the wake of those men who are so interested in upholding the monopoly of the university, and whose passionate frenzy is so rash; of whom there has been so much talk within these last few days. The beginning—never forget from which side the aggression proceeded—the beginning was made at the *college de France* and elsewhere. The fault of the government and of the opposition has consisted in their placing themselves in the wake of this movement, which had so low an origin, in consenting to become the tools and accomplices of this movement, and in adopting—not indeed the accumulated passions and prejudices of which the Jesuits are the object—but the conse-

quences of those passions and of those prejudices. Their fault has consisted in having adopted these consequences as their own; in having, as M. Guizot has just said, labored to get them adopted by another power, before which we can not but bow down. See then what has happened. The sally has been made; it has carried the government along with it, and it has succeeded. But with this success, and even by means of this very success itself, this exceedingly skilful and effective diversion has come to an end; but the siege of the monopoly still continues, and will long endure! For, say what you will—and here I think the minister of foreign affairs will not contradict me—the spiritual power with which he has been in treaty, and to which he just now alluded, has certainly never blamed nor disavowed the men whom it has judged proper to remove. Nothing like this, I suppose, is to be found in those measures which we know not, and with which he alone is acquainted. But if there has been neither blame nor disavowal of the Jesuits, there has, of course, been nothing of the kind for any of the other soldiers who are engaged in this service. There is neither blame nor disavowal of the bishops, of the priests, of the laymen who have been laboring in this contest long before the Jesuits, and much more energetically than they, and who will still continue to labor. As well as I can understand the matter, nothing has taken place but this: the spiritual chief of the Jesuits, or the holy father, or their general—it matters little who——

M. Guizot.—On the contrary, it matters very much.

Count de Montalembert.—Well, the holy father, if you will have it so, wishes that these men should be used no longer as a pretext for continuing this struggle, and that they should be its first victims. This being so, it must really be acknowledged that nothing is finished, nothing is changed except that our enemies have got rid of one of their pretences. The question of education remains entire; the question of the religious freedom of the church, so often debated here, both by myself and others, also remains entire. Attempts have been made to confound both of these questions with the Jesuit question. They ran a grievous risk of both being swallowed up in the Jesuit question, and perhaps of perishing in it. Thank God that can no longer be the case: you have yourselves disentangled them. Once again I render you no thanks, no congratulations, for what you have done; I only wish to make good my view of the true bearing of the result you have obtained. Can you dream of commencing at Rome another negotiation analogous to that in which you have now triumphed? Will you persuade Rome by your diplomatic manœuvres, to pronounce that the education against which we protest, in the name of the charter, is irreproachable, and that they are blameworthy who fight against it? that the books, for instance, put on the Index at Rome, are good enough for the instruction of the French youth? that the bishops are censurable for having raised their voices with such unanimity, energy, and publicity against the present state of education and religious legislation? I know well that nothing is impossible; but I may at least have leave to say that nothing can be more extravagantly improbable than such a result. Were it otherwise, when you whom I take to be Gallicans shall have been to Rome to ask and get this decision—supposing it possible—we who take ourselves to be Ultramontane, shall do nothing but bow our heads and submit. But till that time comes, know well that you have ended nothing; till that time comes we shall continue on the alert. With one hand on the Gospel, and the other on the charter, we shall demand every thing we have hitherto demanded, and we shall not lessen in any degree either our just pretensions, or the courage with which we have made them good. Upon this ground, then, do we challenge you to meet us next year. This year the question of education has been swallowed up in that of the Jesuits. Next year it will not be so; the question will re-appear in all its original dimensions, and with all its original force and vigor, and we shall then see whether any account is to be taken of the wishes, of the demands of eighty thousand petitioners, whose claims we have laid before the other chamber, and who claim that liberty of education which they do not believe to be sufficiently secured by the law you voted last year. This is what I felt myself impelled to say in this discussion, which I certainly should not have commenced; this is what I could not refrain from saying when the discussion has been commenced by others. I need hardly say, in conclusion, that now, as ever, I speak only in my own name, and that the impression, the resolution that I have just given utterance to, are only personal to myself. You well know that I carry on the war at my own charges, not looking for any recompense or encouragement, taking counsel only of the honor of the church and of my own, and always ready to sacrifice my honor to that of the church. Moreover, I so wage this warfare as never to lose sight of the rights and interests of liberty—that liberty which, in spite of all possible blunder, recantations, and defeats, will ever remain dear and sacred to me, and of which I shall never despair.

PARIS, *July* 9, 1845.

The Jesuits.—Ever since last Saturday the whole French press has been in an extraordinary state of excitement, and the Catholics *were* in a state of despondency. But since *yesterday* the latter are in a very different condition, and by the time my letter reaches you the former will probably be in an uproar. In one plain and single word, the whole news

published by the government relative to the negotiations with Rome is nothing less than a downright *untruth*. You may rely with the greatest certainty upon the information I am about to give you, as I obtained it from the very best sources. A note to the same purpose is published to-day in the religious papers, though from obvious reasons it can not be so explicit as my own communication.

A few days ago the *Univers* published a letter from a correspondent in Rome, announcing that the extraordinary congregation for ecclesiastical affairs had opined that the pope should abstain from interfering in the Jesuit question, as it is one of constitutional rights and liberty. M. Rossi, it is well known, has been sent to Rome to obtain an order for the Jesuits to leave France, as their existence is incompatible with the feelings of the country. The answer was, therefore, a signal defeat, and every one rejoiced at the sane policy of the holy see. The very radical papers seem to think it a very natural thing indeed. All of a sudden the *Presse*—a paper most particularly devoted to Louis Philippe, and that has obtained great popularity in France on account of its cheapness and immoral novels—the *Presse* published a short note announcing that the pope had consented to the expulsion of the Jesuits. The general of the order was to command them to sell all their property and leave the country. The *Messager* officially repeated the news, the *Debats* rang forth peals of triumph, whilst the opposition papers already hissed and groaned at the papal weakness. Papacy was an old, decrepid institution, worm-eaten, and fit for nothing else but to be kicked about by every government party that should come uppermost. In the meantime the French court was in a frenzy of joy. The nuncio was complimented by the king himself upon the wisdom of the pope, though he had not received from Rome a single word to the purpose. Only do, for an instant, think of his excruciating anxiety. Now comes the best part of my story.

The day before yesterday a courier arrived in Paris with letters for the nuncio, who found out at last that M. Rossi had been all along telling—a *falsehood*. I *must* say the word. He had endeavored to play upon the fears of the papal government, the prejudices and bad passions of France would not allow the Jesuits to remain in the country; should Rome persist in refusing to recall them the consequences might be disastrous for religion itself, and the fortunate reaction of late years would certainly retrograde back to the infidel fanaticism of the restoration. Besides, the French cabinet had contracted an engagement; the interpellations of the 3d of May had forced it to promise the execution of the laws. An unfortunate circumstance indeed! but what could be done? Most certainly the pope must trust Louis Philippe after all he had done for religion; but here his very crown was at stake! Most certainly the pope would take into consideration the critical circumstances in which the government was placed, though much against their own inclination.

To this a very proper reply was made. The matter was a matter of right and freedom, not a matter of religion; it would be odious indeed to sacrifice one of the most perfect orders in the world merely to cover the dastardliness of a half-religious, half-infidel cabinet. Not one single principle, not one single question of right should be given up; but if the government were really in such a predicament, well, let the ambassador apply to the general of the Jesuits. So that M. Rossi, the quondam Italian refugee, the quondam Genevan professor, and the quondam professed enemy to the very name of Jesuit, was obliged to treat with the general of that cursed order! to acknowledge him as a political power! The pope will not interfere, but should the *general of the Jesuits* think proper to adopt any measure in the full display of his own independence, acting as a superior, yielding, like a true Christian, Catholic priest and religious, something to circumstances, why then, to be sure, let M. Rossi apply to him! And M. Rossi *did* apply to the general; he *did* beg, and crave, and entreat for the recall of the Jesuits, but the recall was refused! He *did* beg, crave, and entreat for a petition of principle; but the petition, but the right was absolutely denied! M. Rossi *did* then beg, crave, and sue at least for the shutting up of the noviciate houses. But here the general merely replied: "And how will France do without missionaries for Oceanica, for the Rocky mountains, for China, for Cochin China? The Jesuits furnish more priests for that dangerous service than other orders; are you, then, so very rich in zeal and devotedness as to give up such a precious source of information even in a political view? You see the noviciates must continue to subsist in France as well as elsewhere, for they are true seminaries for martyrdom." Here again the ambassador was obliged to give up his claim, but objected that something *must* be done, as the government was bound. The general replied that if such was the case he would certainly do something, but without abandoning one tittle of his rights, or those of his brethren. Merely as a prudent concession to the folly of the times, he would consent to diminish the importance of three establishments in France, viz. Paris, Lyons, and Grenoble, on condition that the rest should remain upon their present footing.

Such is the true, and only true state of the case, notwithstanding all that the ministerial journals may say to the contrary. The total difference between this version and the former is too glaring to

require any comment upon the subject: but it is impossible not to be struck with the hypocrisy of M. Rossi, and his barefaced talent for invention, not to give it a more proper name. The discomfiture of the cabinet is complete. It has thus abandoned the ground of Gallicanism: it has applied to the spiritual power for support in its nefarious plans, as the only method of accomplishing them; and that power has refused, absolutely refused, to have any thing to do with the matter. What is to become, henceforward, of its momentary alliance with anarchical and infidel factions, is difficult to say, but one thing certain is that its dastardly conduct has met with due punishment. The Catholics will more than ever rally round the standard of St. Peter; more than ever do they feel comforted and disposed to fight the good fight. The terror, the heartfelt pain, the damp with which they were struck at first, show how exquisitely alive they are to the honor of religion. On last Sunday I conversed with several of our most eminent defenders, and their feeling of alarm and sorrow was universal. One of them told me no later than yesterday: "For eight long hours (until he became acquainted with the real circumstances), I experienced more poignant grief than I remember having suffered during the course of my whole life."

With these words I shall close my letter, as they are a very proper test of the sentiments that prevail here among true Catholics when their faith or religious interests are in jeopardy.—*Correspondent of the Tablet.*

Viscount de Cormenin.—The writers in the Paris papers appear to be much excited on account of the political desertion of the famous Viscount de Cormenin from the ranks of the republicans to those of the ultramontano anti-university party. It was M. de Cormenin, who, under the name of Timon, roused the country against the project of a *dotation* for the Duc de Nemours; and now behold him enlisted under the banners of the church, making war against a state of society which he thus describes: "Your university youth are the worst we have had for fifty years." And after describing them as divested of all ideas of religion, he proceeds to ask: "Tell me, you who believe that society may be skeptical with impunity, where is the general who in your army has the least power over his troops? the journalist who has the least power over the people? the orator who in the chamber has the least power over the deputies? Not one, not one. I look around me in vain. I see neither in the ministry, nor in the press, nor in the magistracy, nor in the academies, nor in the chambers, one man, not one, whose morality accords with mine, who loves the people as they deserve; not one to whom I would confide the government of the country for a quarter of an hour. Now, I ask if such a society, without faith, without courage, without doctrine, without hopes, without grandeur, without union, without symbol, without present, without future, is capable of comprehending, of loving, of desiring, of defending liberty?" In fact society, he protests, is going into a state of decay, but is held together by woman, who yet acknowledges the influence of religion. "Women," he says, "have preserved that virility of soul which has no sex, and which men have lost in skepticism and dissipation. Women hold over their husbands that sort of empire which strong minds exercise over feeble. Women teach their young sons those divine lessons of morality and religion that university colleges can not entirely subvert. Women can not help believing, because they need force both for themselves and for others." He assures us that unheard of efforts are making to corrupt the morality of the family. "They have undone man; they now seek to undo woman. She has resisted, and will resist; she will lean upon religion, and in this official world, which is shaking and giving away on all sides, she will remain upright for the purpose of restoration."

Conversions.—Religious matters more generally occupy public attention on the continent at present than politics. On Sunday last, the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul, Paris, eight Israelites abjured Judaism, and received the sacrament of baptism from the hands of Abbe Ratisbonne, himself a converted Jew. The ceremony was performed in the chapel of the institution of St. John of God. Among the neophytes were an English lady and her son. The abbe addressed an impressive discourse to the congregation on the vicissitudes of the old people of God, and its future destinies, announced by the prophets, and concluded by inviting them to another solemnity, at which several other young Israelites of both sexes were to be admitted into the great Catholic family.

Religious Profession.—An interesting ceremony took place on Wednesday, at the convent of the Visitation, rue d'Enfer, where a young lady of distinguished beauty and superior accomplishments took the veil. Converted six years ago to the Catholic faith, she has passed more than two years in monastic retirement, submitting to the will of her father, till now having attained the age of twenty-one, the lovely Mina Bell, whose history is known to many, has become the bride of heaven. Among the distinguished persons invited to the Veture were the Duchesses de Doudauville, de Liancourt, and de la Mothe-Handancourt, Princesse d'Henin d'Alsace, the Countess de Pisieu, Desforts, de Balincourt, de Castelnau, de Vosges, and de Villarmont, Baronne de Lambot, &c., &c.

M. L'Abbe de Courson, temporary superior of the seminary of Issy, has been elected superior of the society of St. Sulpice.—*Univers.*

IRELAND.—The late advices from Ireland bring us the painful tidings of the demise of Col. Samuel Moore, an old and highly respected citizen of Baltimore. Col. Moore had gone to Ireland, of which he was a native, some several months past on a visit to his relatives, and was expected to return to his adopted country some time this fall. The death of Col. Moore will be deeply regretted in this community where he was universally beloved and esteemed for his social virtues, his public spirit, and his ardent devotion to his native as well as his adopted country. He was always prominent in all movements which tended to the amelioration of the political condition of down-trodden Ireland, and in the late war, between this country and Great Britain, he distinguished himself by his zeal and patriotism, and was an active participant in the battle of North Point. We sincerely trust that his virtues have found their reward in another and better world.

Speech of the Rev. Thomas McGuire, P. P., at a mixed meeting of the Catholic and Protestant clergy and laity, having for its object the suppression of the excitement in the county of Cavan, and the arrest and punishment of the lawless murderers and their abettors.

The Rev. Thomas Maguire, P. P., of Ballinamore, next came forward, amidst loud cheers, to speak to the resolution. He said—My Lords, Mr. High Sheriff, and fellow-countrymen of every class and denomination, I conceive this one of the most important meetings that ever has taken place in the county Cavan. (Cheers.) This meeting is assembled for the grand and laudable purpose of bringing public opinion to bear against the most monstrous crime that ever hell was capable of hatching. (Cheers.) There was a time, fellow-countrymen, when this green island was called the island of saints; but if people proceed in the cowardly, and bloody, and monstrous system of shooting men without any notice—not giving them even as much time as to say, "Lord have mercy on me,"—I say if such practices are persevered in, they will get for our country the denomination of the island of assassins. (Hear, hear.) I trust, my friends, you are too kind-hearted not to have a horror of the base, unprincipled, and cowardly system of assassination. (Cheers.) You may have wrongs, you may have grievances, real or imaginary, but I need not tell you that there never was a grievance, never an oppression, never an injury that could palliate the awful crime of murder. (Loud cheers.) Why not, if you feel oppressed, send a memorial to the gentry of the county—why not say to them, if it be the fact, that you are not able to meet your engagements, or to bear your burdens, and call upon them to redress those grievances you complain of, by legal and constitutional means? I tell you, my fellow-countrymen, from the feeling I saw evinced here to-day by the nobility and gentry of your county, that they are all disposed to do every thing in their power, not only for their tenants, but for their laborers, and not only for their laborers, but for their dependants. (Loud cheers.) But you will be good enough to bear in mind that we are here under the throne of God—that there is nothing between us and high heaven but those celestial bodies, created by the divine will for the wisest of purposes, and in the presence of that God I implore of all who feel impressed with the idea of having souls to save, and who know not how soon they may be called to the judgment-seat of the Most High; I implore of you to bring your right arms to bear in defence of your country, in defence of your holy religion, disgraced by these murders, in defence of your common Christianity—for every Protestant has as great an interest in the honor of Christianity and in the honor of old Ireland, as any of us. (Cheers.) I say, therefore, that I witness a glorious occasion when I see the respected and beloved Protestant lord bishop of the diocess coming forward and pledging himself, and recommending his respected clergy, men of talent and education, to live in harmony, unity, social intercourse with their Catholic countrymen, and do every thing in their power to cherish and promote those sentiments of kindliness and charitable feeling towards each other which are the very kernel of Christianity itself. (Cheers.) Let any man tell me he has religion—I care not if he never committed a crime against morals in his life, if he have not charity to his neighbor, if he cherish not a benevolent feeling for all upon the grand principle that we are born of one father and one mother—a wise and beneficent design of Providence that we should all live together as brothers and sisters of one family, and that we should be deprived of the power of using the argument of the Pharisee when he inquired: "And who is my neighbor?" It was also made a condition of our religion by him who died for our redemption, that we should love our enemies. Now, my beloved friends, it is very hard to doubt, and very trying to flesh and blood for a man to love his enemies, and to do good to those who persecute him. But we are promised grace enough to triumph over the devil in this respect; for we are promised that by doing so, we shall be known as the children of our Father, who is in heaven, and known as soldiers of Christ. There is an admonition in the Holy Scriptures that we must love every man of every cast, of every color, of every denomination, and of every class, and, I ask you, is it not an act of hypocrisy in any man to pretend to love God if he does not love mankind? Yes, it is a grievous insult to God if he does not love his fellow-man, if, while he proposes Christian feeling, he conceives a bilious and mortal hatred to his neighbor. (Cheers.) Let not, therefore, the sun set upon your anger. Quit the ways of darkness. He that doeth evil shunneth the light. Stay in your own homes. Let the father take care of the son, the sister of the brother, and let the ways of truth, and righteousness, and Christian charity, be adopted instead of the ways of misrule and lawlessness. I am your friend, I advise as your friend, and I believe that every gentleman who addressed you to-day is your friend, and I again reiterate their advice, and implore of you to stay in your houses. Avoid crime of every sort; discountenance the unhappy system which has for some short time disgraced your county, or otherwise martial law will be proclaimed, you will be tried at the drum head, and sent to New Zealand to the gibbet, and to the gallows. You will be driven out of the country, like droves of sheep through a narrow gap, or, as the royal prophet has it, "*sicut oves in inferno positi.*" I say, return to order and tranquillity. I know that hundreds of you have nothing to do with Molly Maguireism; but you have not the "pluck" of Old Ireland in you if you do not take every stranger who comes amongst you for evil, by the cuff of the neck, and give him in charge to the police. Here

I stand as a minister of the Most High ; I stand as the inculcator of peace and order, and I say unhesitatingly before God, that if I saw the man who murdered the late lamented, and justly lamented, Mr. Booth, I would, if strength enabled me, seize him with the right hand, and not deliver him out of it until I would either put an end to his existence, or hand him over to the proper authorities. (Great cheering.) My friends, let me impress another thing on your minds. There is not a man who directly or indirectly contributes to shield the murderer—there is not a man who gives a sixpence to hide him from justice, who is not accessary after the foul deed. I say the man who contributes to have it done, or when done contributes to hide it is guilty of the murder, and not only of the particular murder, but of every crime committed as a result of the system encouraged. He is guilty in the sight of God, he is guilty in the sight of man ; he commits rebellion against the state, and tends to shatter the very frame-work of society. Allow me to make another observation ; if every townland would join, Protestant and Catholic, and give their hands to each other, if they would say to each other, let our old feuds be forgotten, let us show that we have the love of religion and the promotion of Christianity at heart, and make a declaration before man and heaven ; a declaration to be kept solemnly and as inviolate as Father Mathew's pledge, that the first stranger making his appearance in the county to whom suspicion attaches, and who refuses to account for himself satisfactorily, shall be taken up and handed over to the police. (Cries of we will, we will.) As sure as you, my brethren, and your Protestant fellow-countrymen join in this manner, as sure as you support and co-operate with each other, as sure as united confidence and mutual kindliness is promoted between you, so sure will an end be put to the system which now creates the just fears of some, and gives an opportunity to the alarmists at both sides to magnify every appearance of danger. Heavenly Father, why should not an end be put to it? Why should one set of men be arrayed in opposition to their fellow-men, and why seek for grievances, a remedy which the laws of man denounce, and which the law of the eternal God has set the seal of reprobation on. But turning from the awful solemnity of contemplating the question in this view, I may say I see as many fine fellows here to-day as would beat out all the Molly Maguires in Europe. (Cheers.) For what are they ? Not the staid, settled men of the county, not the fathers of families, not those who have been taught by experience the result of lawless outrages. No, they are a young set of scamps, a shoeless, shirtless, coatless, hatless lot of young vagabonds, who have nothing to lose, who have no state in the country, and who are regardless of their own characters, as of the property of their neighbors. It is of such men the "Molly Maguire" confederacy is composed, men who are afraid to show themselves, and men who have no influence unless it be for evil. (Cheers.) I know that some suspicions have been entertained that the Catholic clergy are not doing their duty.

The Marquis of Headfort (emphatically) no, no.

Lord Farnham and other influential persons present also expressed a decided negative.

The Rev. Mr. Maguire proceeded—I know that those who take part in this meeting do not think so; but I see the assertion in an odd newspaper, and sometimes, indeed, upon rather odd authority. (Laughter.) But I stand here fearless for myself and for my order. I deny the charge, and in support of that denial I appeal to the stipendiary magistrates of the district in which I reside—appeal to the inspector of police, and I ask, have I not done my duty to men and to God in this respect, and have not my confreres in the ministry done theirs? (Cheers, and cries of you have—we know it.) In fact I would consider myself as a participator in crime—I would consider myself guilty of every murder committed, if occupying the position I do, I did not use the influence which that position confers, in seeking to put an end to such a system; and I have gone so far in these attempts, that a stipendiary magistrate told me that if any other man had interfered to such an extent, and for such a purpose, he would be decidedly shot; but I know my duty to God, and if there were five thousand muskets before me I would do that duty. (Great cheering.) One word more, and I have done. I have fully endeavored to impress upon you the dangers of a perseverance in lawlessness. I implore you in the name of Heaven—I implore you in the name of the Saviour whose blood was shed for our redemption—I implore you in the name of that common Christianity which we all profess—if there be one bad heart amongst you to day, let it be softened by the elements of Christian charity and benevolence, which you have heard uttered by preceding speakers. Trust in the just God, and that trust will not be despised, and let every man stand pledged here, by his happiness in this world and the next, to do all in his power to arrest the progress of crime, and establish peace, and tranquillity, and good order. (Great cheering, and cries of we will, we will.)

ENGLAND.—Late arrivals inform us that the Rev. J. M. Capes and the Rev. J. Montgomery have been received into the bosom of the Catholic church by the Right Rev. Dr. Wiseman.

SWITZERLAND.—*Murder of M. Leu.*—The murder of M. Leu, the best representative of the Catholic party in the state council of Lucerne, has thrown a new light on the infamous policy of the liberalism of Switzerland. The *Presse* has the following account of the murder:—

"M. Leu was found dead in his bed, a ball having passed through his breast. The murderer had entered the window by means of a ladder. A quantity of straw and other combustible materials had been collected round the house, evidently with an intention of setting fire to it, had the ball, from any circumstance, missed its intended victim. No clue has yet been discovered of the murderer. The exasperation felt throughout the canton is very great, and threats of vengeance are uttered against the free corps. The whole population went, *en masse*, to Ebresol to attend the funeral. The leaders of the radical party at Lucerne have been compelled to leave the town in order to escape the fury of the populace. Several arrests have taken place. The deceased belonged to the class of peasants, and was proud of that quality; he was a considerable land-owner, and an extensive dealer in cattle. His fortune is estimated at from 300,000f. to 400,000f. He was a man about forty years of age, vigorous in body and in character, with an intelligent and energetic countenance, but without harshness."

The *Journal des Debats* has a letter from Zurich, of the 21st, which views the death of M. Leu as an event of considerable gravity, and says that nobody in the

moderate party denies its having been a "political assassination." The *Constitutionnel*, however, in its shameless efforts to support the character of its friends, the free corps, insists on it that M. Leu committed suicide. The *Quotidienne* replies:

"On the first report of the crime that has been committed at Lucerne, we keep silence. We had no need for the support of the cause we serve to asperse its adversaries. We take more pleasure in believing that in all hearts there is good faith; in all opinions sincerity; in all ideas candor. But why may not an explosion of indignation at a political murder be freely allowed to every mind? M. Leu, of Ebresol, has been murdered in the most shameful manner! Immediately an exclamation is raised against it as a simple assassination. The same cry was uttered in Paris on the morning of February 14, when Louvel struck the Duke de Berry. Without any knowledge, an affirmation is at once made. Every thing, on the other hand, indicates an act of political vengeance; for M. Leu was without personal enemies, being both benevolent and popular! How then could his murderer have ceded to a personal inspiration? The question is difficult to answer. If liberty were accepted by the pretended philosophers and sectarians in the same sense as it is demanded by the royalists and Catholics, we should not witness such atrocities. But the maintenance of monopolies thus produces acts of vengeance worthy of a barbarous age. It is from liberalism that civilization is in danger."

Whatever space we might be able to bestow upon the contest of parties, as to the cause of this assassination, we could not, in the present state of things, hope to arrive at any clear conclusion. That M. Leu was not a self-destroyer is most clear; that there was no man more free from the imputation of personal obnoxiousness to any but the enemies of the state, is acknowledged; and it would be a waste of space and time to quote at length the opposing opinions of the journals. The following official announcement was made by the Avoyer of the grand council of Lucerne, on the 21st ult.

"A frightful event has plunged into mourning the canton of Lucerne. M. Joseph Leu d'Ebersoll, member of the grand council, *was assassinated* in his bed on Saturday last at midnight. The country has lost in him one of its most generous citizens, one of its best fathers of families; the state, its most faithful and devoted servant; the church, one of its most virtuous and pious sons; all the people of Lucerne, a venerated brother and father; and the greater part of you, gentlemen, a friend personally endeared to you. This crime constitutes an unexampled deed, so much the more horrible, because so cowardly. An assassination is presented under the form of a political vengeance. For, in his political life, Leu always acted with so much conscientiousness and Christian charity, he always displayed so conciliating a mind towards every one, that *it would be a folly to suppose he could have had a mortal enemy.*"

The Avoyer concluded his address with a sketch of the patriot's career, and by proposing a deputation of members to attend his funeral. This ceremony took place on Tuesday, the day following the above speech, at Hochdorff, of which parish Ebersoll forms a part ecclesiastically, as it does politically, of the commune of Hohenrain. All the canton was assembled. The members of the grand council, six counsellors of state, forty officers, fifty priests, and ninety-five students followed the bier. The church, the cemetery, and village of Hochdorff were crowded; there were, at least, ten thousand persons present. Sixteen hundred inhabitants of Freienhaust, in Argovia, and fourteen officers from Schwytz attended; young and old, Lucernese and foreigners—all wept—all poured out their souls, and mingled their sentiments in one common grief. It was seven in the morning when the funeral procession left Ebersoll, and the head of the train had reached Hochford before the last of the mourners left.

[Since the above paragraph was set in type, the French papers bring intelligence that the murderer has been apprehended. He had been a laborer in the service of M. Leu, had borrowed money from his master, who had recently demanded it, and hence the committal of the bloody deed. These facts, if correct, relieve the atrocity of the still deeper stain which previously attached to it. As a deed of blood, the murder is sufficiently bad, but these disclosures take from the crime all complexion of a national stain.]

SPAIN.—*The Cathedral of Seville.*—At a moment like the present, when the unhappy kingdom of Spain, exhausted by civil dissension, has almost forgotten the religious glories of its happier times—when the monuments of the faith and piety of the middle ages are put up to public sale, or left to crumble into ruins, by a government without resources, it may not be uninteresting to our readers to become acquainted with one of the most celebrated of those relics of the olden time—one of those gigantic cathedrals, built when men

"Disdained the lore
Of nicely calculated less or more,"

to see how the ceremonies of our religious worship are still performed there, and in what manner the people participate in them. For this purpose we have translated the following extracts from a work by the Marquis de Custine, which contains a description of the cathedral of Seville.

"The cathedral of Seville is in the latest style of decorated Gothic. The exterior of the church has nothing very remarkable about its appearance, unless when seen from afar: from the promenade upon the borders of the Guadalquiver, where the innumerable pinnacles, which command its roofs, and terminate its lofty gables, resemble a forest of pines, planted upon the sharp-pointed summits of a chain of mountains. Perhaps even this is less beautiful, as a work of art, than it is grand, imposing, and magnificent. But the interior, which was completed in the fifteenth century, appeared to me a prodigy of man's handicraft. The entire edifice belongs to the chapter of Seville, a species of ecclesiastical etal-major, as rich as it is powerful. To-

wards the close of the middle ages these sovereign canons resolved to create a monument, which should be unprecedented and unequalled in the annals of church-building. They succeeded, and realized a masterpiece. It was the work of several reigns; till, at length, after a lapse of eighty years, Spain possessed, and the world admired, an edifice almost as wonderful as St. Peter's of Rome; more pure in style than the Duomo of Milan; more complete in finish than the cathedral of Cologne. On entering this gigantic building, the scene is beyond description: a glorious nave, with its pointed arches and vaulted roof, running up to an almost fearful elevation; double aisles, so spacious and lofty, so unbroken in length, and marvellous in extent, that the spectator, at his first glimpse through that forest of columns, seems to gaze upon five naves at once; and all this lighted up by eighty superb windows, filled with stained glass of the most gorgeous coloring, and priceless as the work of Arnold of Flanders. The choir recedes from the nave, and is reached by ascending many steps; it is enclosed by a massive screen and a lofty grating, beautifully wrought in gilt iron. I have observed the same form of choir as at Seville prevalent through most of the principal churches of Spain; the chancel is not part of the nave, the priests are not confounded with the people, as in France; but the celebrant and his assistants stand apart, upon the height which is formed by the great elevation of the sanctuary. It is a sort of holy mount, built beneath the vaulted roof, which produces a more than picturesque effect; for it is symbolical, and seems peculiarly adapted to the solemnity of that religious worship, whose very essence and life-blood is symbolism.

"The cathedral is four hundred and twenty feet long, and two hundred and sixty-three feet broad; the height is enormous, and would be considered out of all proportion, if compared with the elevation of other churches of the same size. All round the double aisles are a multitude of small chapels, which appear to have been joined interiorly to the walls of the building, and look like so many little churches, shut up within the great enclosure. On Sunday mornings they are literally filled with pious women, prostrate on the pavement, joining their prayers with the sacred phalanx of priests and levites, who are offering up the holy sacrifice, and calling down blessings on their spiritual children. One of these chapels—that of the kings—contains several remarkable tombs; among others that of St. Ferdinand III, who took Seville from the Moors, in 1248, the year in which St. Louis of France died. It is curious that Spain and France were each governed at this period by a saintly, and afterwards canonized king. Not far off was the tomb of Christopher Columbus, containing an inscription which is unique in the history of mausoleums and epitaphs:

'A Castilla y a Leon,
Mundo nuevo dio Colon.'

'To Castile and Leon Columbus gave a new world.' The son of this great man lies buried underneath one of the lateral chapels of the church. But these are not all the glories of Seville; many of the most renowned names in the history of Spanish heroism are engraven upon the pavement, and it may really be considered a very pantheon of Christian chivalry.

"It was on a Sunday, at the hour of mass, that I entered the cathedral for the first time; and nowhere—not even beneath the dome of St. Peter's—has the Catholic worship appeared to me so majestic and imposing. A whole regiment of soldiers assisted at the divine service; but the multitudes were lost beneath these supernatural vaults, like a nest of ants upon a plain. Great part of the population of Seville seemed equally insignificant within this gigantic monument of Christian art. The officiating priest, attended by deacons and subdeacons, appeared at the high altar, and looked as if he stood upon a mountain. He was a venerable old man, and when he knelt, was scarcely perceptible, through the sublime obscurity of the sanctuary. The romance and imagination of Spain have rendered her ritual as poetical and picturesque as it is holy and exalted. The prayers of the unseen priest, and the supplicating voices of his youthful acolytes, seemed to fall from heaven upon the heads of the faithful, who knelt below, separated from the choir by the rood-loft and enormous screen. The organ is one of the most famous, the most grand, and sonorous in Europe; its mighty bellows resemble steam-engines in their machinery. Five hundred masses are said each day at the eighty-two altars; the quantity of wax, wine, and oil consumed there is fabulous; a large clergy, assisted by many subalterns, is employed in the service of God in this religious republic. Never did I understand so clearly that stones placed one upon another, may form for man a country and a home. Among the levites attached to this marvellous temple there are eleven dignitaries wearing the mitre; forty canons of the highest rank; twenty of inferior order; twenty canons besides, with three assistants; two beadles, a master of ceremonies, and four coadjutors; thirty-six choir children, with their rectors, under-rectors, and masters of the chapel; nineteen chaplains, four curates, four confessors, twenty-three musicians, and four supernumeraries. It is as an entire people serving God within the sanctuary. With such an army as this, no wonder the ceremonies were pompous; no wonder that I thought of the holy city, and the chosen people, the temple of Solomon, and the piety of the Jews towards the God of their fathers.

"The archiepiscopal see of Seville is of very ancient date: it was founded at the time 'the bright cerulean Gothic blood' lorded it over Spain. The archbishop at present enjoys an annual revenue of about thirty thousand pounds.

"The cathedral is an everlasting novelty, it is impossible to see it all; it is a little kingdom, with its government, its people, and its employees, in canonical costume. There are halls, and passages, and hidden rooms, which the bewildered traveller reaches by chance, after wandering through side chapels and sacristies without number: here he is stopped by a peerless work of art, there by treasures of the richest value; the very doors and lids of the presses which contain them, are chefs dœuvres of their kind, either in the rarity of the material, or the exquisite design of the workmanship. I beheld, besides many other things of inestimable value, figures of saints in solid silver, tabernacles from twelve to fifteen feet in height, of the same costly material; stuffs embroidered in gold, tapestries, decorations, and banners of gold and silver. Dazzled with so much magnificence, you pass from sacristies, gleaming with church plate and ecclesiastical treasures, to galleries bright with gilding, and vaulted ceilings carved with marvellous art. Then on to the marbles, the sculpture, and the paintings; then to a library filled with antique music books, chiefly of Gregorian chant—all of precious workmanship, many of high antiquity. Curiosity itself

is tired at last. The traveller wanders at hazard; he glances, half fearfully, at the vast field opened to his research; he murmurs at his own inability, and the shortness of his time; he wonders at the disorder of his ideas, and the confusion of his reminiscences. In fine, it is impossible to form any estimate, any adequate idea of all that this depot of Spanish art and Spanish grandeur contains within its walls. It is in such a place as this that one can fully recognise the profit to which a creature may place all the gifts of his Creator. God has no need of the highest masterpieces of our art, or the mightiest efforts of our genius; but man can not achieve a great work without faith, and in producing what the world calls a chef d'œuvre, he only pays a debt he owes his God: he digs up quarries of stone, he expends his wealth and talent, he spares not even his life, but what does all this cost him? He does not work for himself. What matters the time we spend in sowing, if we are to reap in eternity."—*Cath. Weekly Instructor, England.*

Norway.—The private correspondent of the *Univers* at Stockholm writes to the editor of that paper, under date the 4th of June, as follows:—

"I hasten to supply you with the happy news of the entire emancipation of the Catholics of Norway. The law concerning religious liberty has been adopted by the two chambers of Storthing; and as it was proposed by government, the royal sanction can not be long withheld. As soon as it has been publicly promulgated, I will send you a printed copy. Some fear was felt for the result in the second chamber (Lagthing) on account of the fanaticism of some of its members, who exert a great influence on the numerous peasants who reside there. The law was presented to the second chamber on the 24th of May, the fete day of the Blessed Virgin, *titulo auxilium Christianorum*. The discussions were long and animated, but the cause of religious liberty was at last triumphant, and the second reading of the law was voted by the second chamber without any amendment. A church and a school should now be established at Christiana, but the mission is poor and without resources. Let us hope that the association for the propagation of the faith will come to the assistance of a work which promises the fairest of fruit."

Turkey.—*Constantinople.*—The *Courrier de Constantinople* tells us, says the *Univers* of the 26th ult., that "the procession outside the cloister, which the Catholic churches have enjoyed the privilege of making on the solemnity of Corpus Christi ever since their foundation at Constantinople, took place this year with all the pomp and majesty that so pious a ceremony demands. At St. Benedict's the procession took place on the 22d, at St. Peter's on the 25th, and at St. Anthony's on the 29th. At each church Mgr. Hillereau, archbishop of Petra and apostolic prefect of the holy see at Constantinople, assisted by the entire of his clergy, officiated and bore the holy sacrament in the procession; the repositories of the Lazarists were superb, those of the Sisters of Charity magnificent.

Van Dieman's Land.—The *Colonial Times* of Hobartown, of the 8th of February, quotes the following passage from the *Cornwall Chronicle*:—

"*The Roman Catholic Vicar-General.*—The vicar-general (the Very Rev. W. Hall), accompanied by a fellow-laborer in the cause of religion, is making a tour of the midland districts of this colony, in performance of the sacred duties entrusted to him. We hear that the mild and imposing manner in which these gentlemen perform their onerous duties, secures to them the universal good will and respect of all who have the pleasure of hearing them. We hear much said of the intolerance of the Catholic priesthood, but certainly that portion of it residing in this colony can not be justly so charged: they are remarkable for virtuous lives, and most untiring exertions in the holy cause in which they are engaged."

DOMESTIC.

Archdiocess of Baltimore.—*Catholic Institutions in Maryland.*—We beg leave to call the attention of our readers to the prospectus of Georgetown college, D. C., which appears amongst the advertisements in this month's Magazine. The collegiate exercises of the institution will be resumed on the 15th of September. By that time all the Catholic institutions of this diocess will have again commenced their annual academic labors. Mount St. Mary's college, near Emmitsburg, and St. Joseph's Female institution, and its interesting little tributary, St. Francis Xavier's preparatory school for Male children, under the care of the Sisters of Charity, and also in the vicinity of the same town, were each reopened for the scholastic year about the middle of August. St. Mary's college, Baltimore, and the Academy of the Visitation, Baltimore, resume their labors on Monday, 1st of September. The Academy of the Visitation, at Georgetown, D. C., will be opened for scholastic duty after the 15th of this month. St. John's Literary institution, and St. John's Female academy in Frederick, will have also recommenced their labors by the middle of this month. The female institution in Aisquith street, Baltimore, under the care of the good and pious Carmelites, last, though not least, in the catalogue of Catholic institutions in this diocess, has also resumed its literary labors. To each and all of these institutions—nurseries of piety and learning—we sincerely wish a continuation of that prosperity and success which has hitherto crowned their labors.

Generous Sympathy.—We have learned, with unmingled pleasure, that the Catholic young men of Baltimore have purchased a handsome silver chalice, which they intend to present to the Rev. Mr. Weinzœphlin, of the diocess of Vincennes, as a testimonial of their regard for his character. Our readers are aware that this gentleman was long since liberated from prison by the governor of Indiana, there being every reason to believe him innocent of the charge alleged against him. Though he has already received abundant consolation in the midst of his trials, from the public expression of opinion in

his favor, on the part of the clergy of Indiana, and the Catholic press of the United States, and from the honorable testimonials of Protestants themselves, through whom he was discharged from confinement, it will be a source of great satisfaction to this much injured clergyman, to hear of the active efforts which have been made by his brethren in a distant part of the country, to offer so marked and lasting a tribute to the uprightness and innocence of his conduct, as a minister of Christ. The chalice has been sent to him, with the following communication, through the Very Rev. Dr. Spalding of Kentucky.

"Rev. and Dear Sir:—The undersigned are a committee, appointed by the Catholic young men of Baltimore, to convey to you this testimonial of their respect for your character, and of their sympathy for the sufferings from which you were but recently relieved. We need not say to you that, in the execution of this duty, we experience a pleasure which we never before felt—a pleasure arising, as it does, from so many sources of interest—is but that which was experienced by the Catholic community in general, on the receipt of the intelligence of your discharge from unjust confinement.

"We recognise, in your discharge, not so much the triumph of the man as the vindication of violated justice, and the victory of religion over prejudice—for such was the evidence elicited on your trial that we are compelled to believe that, had you not been a Catholic clergyman, you could not have been convicted of an offence of which you were too evidently innocent, and under circumstances which violated all the attributes of right and justice.

"In your honorable discharge from prison, however, we have another instance of a spirit of justice existing in the public sentiment, which will, in the end, show itself above the heat of sectarian zeal and prejudice.

"This, our testimonial, will reach you at a period when we can not be accused of acting under the influence of excitement, but, after a lapse of time when deliberate reflection has the more firmly established your innocence of the alleged crime, and the general irreproachableness of your character.

"In obedience to the dictates of our holy religion we unite with you in forgiving those who thus sought to bring disgrace upon our faith. So do we wish with you in fervent prayer to our heavenly Father that he may soften their hearts to charity, and open their eyes to the light of divine truth.

"We also desire to present to you the regards of all our fellow-Catholics, without distinction of age or sex. This chalice, which we desire you to accept in token of our love and respect, was consecrated by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Chanche of Natchez—a prelate who is extensively known and beloved in our city.

"When, sir, you are using this chalice in the holy sacrifice of the mass, we trust you will not forget those who are connected with us, while we solicit the same remembrance of ourselves.

"With a sincere prayer for your spiritual and temporal prosperity, and that you may be blessed with a long life of usefulness, we subscribe ourselves, devotedly your friends,

Owen O'Brien,	D. J. Foley,
Geo. W. Webb,	Michael Connelly,
John Sharkey,	Basil T. Elder,
John A. McGreevy,	W. G. Hull,
Wm. J. Barry, M.D.	Charles Heuisler,

Com. in behalf of the Catholic Young Men of Balt.

Diocess of New York.—*Confirmation at Java, N. Y.*—We have received, from the Rev. Pastor of Java the following:

"On Tuesday, July 15th, the Right Rev. Bishop McCloskey administered the sacrament of confirmation to 250 persons. Among those confirmed were many converts to the Catholic church. The bishop expressed his satisfaction and surprise, on witnessing so many prepared to receive the sacrament of confirmation in this remote portion of the diocess. As it was the first episcopal visitation to Java, it produced an unusual degree of interest among our separated brethren, on whose minds an impression was made by the bishop's gentle and conciliatory discourse, calculated to efface the ill effects of misrepresentation and calumny. On the following day, the bishop went to Dansville, fifty miles from Java, and on Thursday administered, at the latter place, confirmation to about seventy persons."

This is a part of the diocess where a few years since a Catholic was rarely to be seen. Now there are many Catholic churches and settlements. The Catholics of this section are mostly farmers, settled independently on their own land. *The good work goes bravely on!—N. Y. F. Journal.*

New Church.—The German Catholics of Rochester are erecting a splendid church, to be built of substantial Lockport stone. The walls are from two and a half to three and a half feet in thickness. The foundation of the tower and walls is eight feet. The tower is twenty-two feet square, and will be two hundred feet, one hundred and thirty feet of which will be stone. The floors will be mosaic, of Italian marble. The altar will be constructed of the same material. The roof is designed to be of copper. The cornices will be of cut stone, so that an exterior entirely incombustible will be presented. There will be a dwelling-house for a priest, and a school room attached to the church in the rear. The height of the windows is twenty-four and a half feet, their width six and a half feet. The height of the walls to be fifty feet. There will be a parapet all round three feet above the roof.

The Rochester papers state that it will be a most "splendid" edifice and a great ornament to the city.

Bishop Chabrat.—Among the passengers by the packet ship St. Nicholas, from Havre, which arrived here on Thursday last, we perceived the name of

Rt. Rev. Bishop Chabrat, coadjutor of Louisville, who has been staying at Paris for the last six months.

Diocess of Philadelphia.—*The New Church at Port Richmond.*—We are happy to be able to say that the congregation of Richmond may expect to have their church soon completed. This church, when finished, will be a handsome Gothic edifice, with a steeple two hundred feet high; its length is one hundred and twelve feet, by fifty-five in width, and to be built with stone.

The increase of the Catholics in Richmond rendered the necessity of a church there, especially since the destruction of St. Michael's, Kensington, whither the congregation were obliged to come at considerable inconvenience. The temporary chapel erected beside the ruins of St. Michael's church, is insufficient to accommodate the Catholics of Kensington, hence the greater necessity of a church at Richmond. We are pleased to find the good work speedily progressing under the management of Rev. Mr. Devitt.

It is with much pleasure we mention the interest taken by G. W. Edwards, Esq., in the erection of this church. He has contributed the liberal sum of $500, and has kindly proffered his services to collect subscriptions amongst his friends.

To John Gihon, Esq., a Protestant gentleman of New York, the congregation are likewise indebted for his kind wishes and a donation of $250. Neither must we forget to commend the zeal and liberality of the Catholics of Richmond; they have testified the interest they have in the completion of a convenient place of worship for themselves and their children, by contributing generously according to their means. They look for the assistance of the faithful, and we are sure it will not be asked in vain. The plan of the church is by N. Le Brun, Esq.

Ordination.—On Friday, the 18th of July, Messrs. John Walsh and Hugh Kenny received tonsure, and with Mr. Michael F. Martin were promoted to minor orders in the Cathedral, by the bishop of the diocess. To-morrow at 7 o'clock, A. M., subdeaconship will be conferred in the same church on Messrs. Walsh and Kenny.—*Cath. Herald, July* 24.

Diocess of Boston.—*College of the Holy Cross.*—This institution bids fair to become the most popular seat of learning for the Catholic student of any in the country. Its location is admirable, and is easy of access from all parts of the country. Already it numbers among its students, natives of New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Georgia, South Carolina, Canada, Cuba, &c., &c., who select this college in preference to any other. The number of scholars, although in existence but a year and a half, is sixty. When the fame of this institution goes abroad, its admirable management, and the great progress made by the pupils, we have no doubt but the number will soon be doubled.

Obscene Publications.—The grand jury of this county have presented as a public nuisance the publication of obscene and demoralizing books—the yellow-covered literature of the present day—so plentifully hawked about by street pedlers of both sexes, and of every age. Judge Wells coincided with the jurymen as to the magnitude of the evil complained of, and observed that all legal measures should be put in requisition to stay its progress.

Confirmation.—On Sunday last the sacrament of confirmation was administered in St. John's church, East Cambridge, by the Right Rev. Dr. Fitzpatrick, to upwards of fifty persons. The pastor of this beautiful little church is Mr. Dougherty, a zealous and exemplary minister of the Gospel. The choir is conducted by Mr. Michael Mooney, and the music and singing on this occasion were all that could have been desired.—*Boston Tablet.*

Diocess of Cincinnati.—*Tiffin, Seneca Co., Ohio.*—We are pleased to learn that the new German church of St. Joseph, a large and handsome brick building in this town, is to be dedicated on the fourth Sunday of August. The ceremony will be performed by Rev. F. S. Brunner, superior of the community "Pretios. Sang.," with the permission of the bishop. A considerable addition to St. Mary's church, in the same place, has recently been completed.—*Cath. Telegraph.*

New Church.—Rev. Mr. Luhr, pastor of St. Peter's church, Canton, Stark co., laid the corner stone of a new church, at New Berlin, seven miles north of Canton, which bids fair to be fit for service before the winter.—*Ibid.*

Diocess of Nashville.—*St. Mary's Female Academy, Nashville, Tenn.*—The accounts from all quarters of our country of the commencements of Catholic institutions, the great favor they seem to enjoy with the public, their multiplication and success throughout the land, are subjects of gratulation and pleasure to every sincere Catholic, and cheering evidences of the progress of truth. Indeed, as each academic year comes round, it brings with it intelligence of some new Catholic institution that has sprung up in the wilderness, or presents to our view some distant one, of which before we had not heard. So numerous are the reports of annual commencements which our exchange-papers bring us at this season, that all the pages of this month's Magazine would hardly afford sufficient space for a detailed notice of their academic exercises. We shall, therefore, for this time, confine ourselves to a notice of a communication in the Louisville Catholic Advocate, which gives us our first insight of the success and progress of Catholic education in the young diocess of Tennessee. But a few years ago a Catholic could scarcely be found in the whole extent of that large and beautiful state. We remember to have heard from the lips of the present vene-

rable bishop, the first who has governed that see, a narrative of the trials and obstacles with which he was met at his entry into the city of Nashville. There was not a resident priest in the whole of Tennessee; occasionally it was visited by some zealous missionary from the adjoining state of Kentucky in search of the few scattered sheep of the true fold, to confirm them in their faith, and console them with the rites of our holy church. One or two miserable sheds, in a dilapidated and falling condition, were all that could be claimed in Tennessee for the assemblage of the faithful. The worthy bishop, installed in his see, saw himself alone and unaided. To make his desolation more complete, he was attacked by the fever so prevalent in that country, and so often fatal to the unacclimated. Stretched upon a bed of sickness, he was looking hourly for his dissolution—with no familiar face to cheer him—no priest to minister to his spiritual wants, or to aid him with his corporal works of mercy. Thus he lingered on for several days, with a high fever raging upon him, till at last, as if by a special mercy and providence of God, a priest travelling through the southern country, casually stopped at Nashville, and in accordance with duty as well as courtesy, his first thoughts were to report himself to the bishop. His presence at the episcopal residence, at so critical a moment, sent a thrill of joy throughout the house. God did not forget the bishop, who had himself so often administered the consolations of the church to the sick and the dying. From the moment the good priest appeared at his bedside, the fever began to abate—he saw in the minister of his religion a friend and a comforter—he no longer felt alone in his new habitation. Health soon returned, and with it his proverbial energy, an energy which is manifested in the increase of his flock, in the number of churches built under his auspices, and, above all, in the establishment of the academy of St. Mary's in the city of Nashville, under the management of the Sisters of Charity. We give the following extracts from the communication referred to in the beginning of these remarks.

"I was present at the annual exhibition of S'. Mary's Female Academy conducted by the Sisters of Charity, I was kindly received by Sister Serena, the superior. Their neat, clean, and beautiful house charmed me; its location is a delightful one, it is one of the best furnished houses in the city. I met with many of the elite of the city, accompanied by their blooming daughters, full of hope, and anxious to display the knowledge acquired during the scholastic year.

"'It is a sublime object,' says Lucretius, 'to view from a towering promontory the sea dashing and foaming, and spending its fury at its base; it is truly sublime to behold two vast armies in all the pomp and panoply of war, contending for the empire of the world.' If it be not a sublime, Mr. Editor, it is certainly a beautiful object to behold eighty or ninety young females, the 'jewels of the country,' robed in snowy white, with cheeks rivaling the peach in bloom, assembled to vie with each other in the gentle warfare of academical pursuits for the honorable distinctions awarded to study, industry, and good conduct. It is cheering to witness the high stand which female education has taken amongst us. To the care of ladies is entrusted the guardianship of society in its earliest age, to them is frequently due the bias of the public mind. It is often in their power to refine the taste, and to whet the appetite for every virtuous and literary acquirement. The classic reader well knows how Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, contributed by the eloquence of her instructions to adorn and inspirit the eloquence of her sons, afterwards so conspicuous. From the centre a ray is directed to each point of the circumference, and the mind of the female should be stored with knowledge to fit her to enlighten the circle within which she is to move.

"The young ladies were examined by the Rev. Mr. Macguire, and it is but just to add that his varied knowledge ranks him amongst the first of examiners.

"Miss Timithus M'Kernan, of Florence, Ala., graduated and received the first honors of the institute. She read a composition on chivalry; the subject itself was a happy one; the eloquence of diction, the pure and unembarrassed style in which she conveyed her thoughts, not only left a deep and lasting impression of her own high intellectual acquirements on a crowded auditory, but also reflected honor worthy of the distinguished reputation and intelligence of her teachers. She was crowned by Bishop Miles; and then the young ladies, accompanied by their music teachers, sang the coronation song, which sent a thrill to every heart, and made the big tears of sadness bead the cheek of many. Crowned and honored, she was embraced by her fond parents. May she wear her crown with honor to herself and St. Mary's, till she is crowned with roses which fade not.

"Pleased with all I witnessed, I returned home to pen these few thoughts. The Sisters have reason to be pleased with the success that has crowned their untiring exertions."

Diocess of Richmond.—*Dedication, &c.*—We learn from a correspondent in Wytheville, Va., that on Sunday, the 10th of August, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Whelan blessed the new church of that place, under the invocation of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Seven converts were confirmed on the same day, and another on the following morning. The bishop preached several times during his visit to this place, and his discourses were listened to with profound attention by large assemblages of persons, who, for the first time, beheld in their midst a prelate of the Catholic church. The most favorable impressions, we understand, were produced upon the minds of many of our dissenting brethren who were present at the sermons of Bishop Whelan.

Diocess of Pittsburg.—"*Taking the Veil.*—Your readers are, I presume, already aware that the Sisters of Mercy have established a branch of their order at Youngstown, Westmoreland county. Mr. Henry Kuhn, one of the old Catholic settlers,

has given them a hundred and fifty acres of excellent land, on which they are erecting extensive and suitable buildings, so that *this* is likely to become the central establishment of the order.

"On the 26th of July I had the gratification of witnessing at St. Vincent's church the solemn reception of three new sisters, and surely if there be any thing which is calculated to elevate our ideas beyond the narrowed limits of earth, to teach us how the power of grace can make us triumph over the frailties of nature, and inspire us with the ennobling sentiments of virtue, it is the self-sacrifice which is made on this occasion—the renouncing of riches and every prospect of worldly honor, the trampling under foot its pleasures, and leaving all to follow Jesus.

"From an early hour in the morning persons were collecting from every part of the surrounding country, anxious to witness the solemn and imposing ceremony, and at 10 o'clock the church was literally crowded. Mass was sung by the Very Rev. J. A. Stillinger, and a very impressive discourse was addressed by the bishop to the postulants, on the dignity of the state which they were about to choose, and the obligations it imposed upon them. Every one present seemed by their marked attention to have been deeply impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, and when at length the postulants appeared before the altar, declaring their readiness to consecrate themselves entirely to the service of their God, many a silent prayer was breathed from the assembled multitude, that Heaven might accept the sacrifice, and enable those who had "chosen the better part," to walk worthy of their high vocation. The names of the new sisters are Sr. Vincent (Miss M. A. M'Girr), Sr. Gertrude (Miss Catharine Maguire), and Sr. Bridget.

"A portion of the buildings intended for the Sisters will be completed this fall. The situation chosen is a beautiful one, commanding, as it does, an extensive view of the surrounding country, which is well diversified with hill and dale, while the blue ridges of the Alleghanies, extending in the distance till their outlines are lost in the far horizon, give the entire scenery a very picturesque character."—*Pittsburg Catholic.*

Ordination.—The Rev. M. A. De Larocque was ordained subdeacon on Sunday the 20th ult., and deacon on Friday the 25th, in the Cathedral. On Sunday the 27th, the same Reverend gentleman was ordained priest in the church of St. Vincent, near Youngstown.—*Ibid.*

Bishop O'Connor has left Pittsburg for Europe. "We are glad to learn," says the Pittsburg Catholic, "that he does not intend being absent for more than about three months. During his absence the administration devolves on the vicar-general, Very Rev. J. A. Stillinger."

Diocess of Michigan.—*Consecration.*—In a letter received from an esteemed correspondent at Ann Arbor, M., dated Wednesday, August 6th, we are informed that on that day the Right Rev. Bishop Lefevre, assisted by his vicar-general and ten priests, solemnly consecrated the new and beautiful church of St. Thomas, recently built under the auspices of the Rev. Mr. Cullen, the zealous pastor of the place.

The Rev. Mr. M'Laughlin, of Cleveland, preached an eloquent sermon on the occasion from the words "Lord, if thou wilt, let us build three tabernacles here; one for thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias," selected from the Gospel for the day. It gratifies us to learn that the building of the church was greatly advanced by the liberal munificence of our Protestant brethren at Ann Arbor.

OBITUARY.

Died.—On the 22d inst., in the 25th year of his age, Mr. Peter Devlin, a native of county Down, Ireland. The deceased had studied, during five years, in Maynooth college, Ireland, and nearly two years at Mount St. Mary's seminary, Emmitsburg, Md. Four weeks ago he removed to Baltimore, where he intended, on the resuming of the classes, to continue his course of divinity in the Catholic theological seminary of this city. Having gone with a few friends to the Spring Gardens for the purpose of bathing, while swimming near the shore, his strength suddenly failed, and he sank before any assistance could be rendered. He was a pious and exemplary young man, and promised to be a very zealous and holy clergyman. May he rest in peace.

The Rev. Mother, Sister Stanislaus, superior of the Ursuline community at Trois Rivieres, Canada, died on Saturday night, August 9.—*Mel. Relig.*

Death of John Augustus Shea.—With feelings of deep regret, we announce the decease of John Augustus Shea, long and favorably known for his poetical compositions and his inestimable qualities of mind and heart. As a Christian, exemplary, as a man, beloved and esteemed, his loss will be deplored by all who knew him. With poetic talents of a high order, Mr. Shea possessed those unassuming qualities which accompany genius, and which find their way to every heart. In Mr. Shea, Ireland has lost a warm and enthusiastic champion—his countrymen a sincere and devoted friend.—*Fr. Jour.*

We feel it a mournful duty to add our regrets to those of the Freeman's Journal for the loss of so good, so estimable, and so talented a gentleman. Mr. Shea had been an occasional contributor to this Magazine, and we feel that the memory of one should be ever dear to us who had so kindly volunteered to enrich our columns with his poetic efforts, and who stood confessed before the world as an estimable gentleman, a ripe scholar, and an exemplary and pious Christian.

Miscellaneous Writings of George W. Burnap, author of "Lectures to young men," "Lectures on the sphere and duties of woman," &c. Collected and revised by the author. Printed and published by John Murphy, Baltimore.

The above is the title of a new work by George W. Burnap, pastor of the Unitarian church of Baltimore. This worthy and accomplished author has, through a life yet short, and which we trust is destined to last for many years to come, devoted much of his time to arousing a spirit of inquiry in the public mind on all useful subjects, and to the not less laudable object of enlarging the sphere of literary and classic taste in the community of which he is a shining member. The work before us contains much sound and practical teaching, embracing in its scope some wholesome views of literature, religion, and politics. In his discourse "on the end of the world," occasioned by the agitation of the Millerites in 1843, we find some doctrine which looks very Catholic and orthodox, and without which we do not see how any of the dissenting and separated sects could at all find fault with Miller or his followers. For what have the "latter day saints" done but interpret the Scriptures for themselves, as by the Protestant principle they are commanded to do? The Bible is so plain that no one can misapprehend it, say our separated brethren, and Miller has only worked out the Protestant principle to one of its many absurd conclusions. The author discourses from a text in 2 Thess. ii, 1, 2, and, in commenting on his text, shows that St. Paul had to deal with parties ignorant "of the peculiar language of the Jewish prophecies." A most un-Protestant act this on the part of the apostle to assume that his converts could not understand the Bible, but one which our learned author seems fully to appreciate, as indeed he treats Mr. Miller pretty much in the same way that St. Paul did the "proselytes at the gate." For after showing that this delusion about the last judgment has agitated men at different periods of the world, he asks: "What has been the cause of this periodical fanaticism? The answer is ignorance—profound ignorance of the meaning of the language of prophecy." And further on in the same discourse we find the following passage, which is not unpleasing to orthodox ears.

"To interpret the prophecies with any measure of success is the highest task of biblical learning and profound intellect. What then shall we say when a man, comparatively illiterate, comes forth to agitate a whole nation with his own crude speculations upon one of the most difficult of all subjects that can employ the faculties of the scholar and divine? What shall we say of the presumption and recklessness of the man who will tamper with the fears and ignorance of multitudes of the timid and imaginative, to the peril of their reason, or ultimately of all religious faith and conviction, upon the strength of a precarious calculation, the premises of which are altogether uncertain, and the results of which will be varied a thousand years by the mistake of a single figure."

After pointing out the danger of private judgment, in religious matters, as evinced in Mr. Miller's case, and showing from Scripture that no man knows the time allotted for the general judgment, the author goes on, by arguments of his own, to prove that the world can not be destroyed till the progress of the human race has reached a point beyond which there is no progress, and where perfection begins, or until there is no more room for improvement in the things of earth, which he calls the accomplishment of the designs of Providence. This is a very pretty theory, and sustained by the author with ability and ingenuity, and by many beautiful and plausible arguments, laying down as conditions precedent to the consummation of time, the filling up of all the explored and unexplored wastes of this earth, the perfection of the physical sciences, the bringing into one the family of nations by the effects of commerce, and the universal prevalence of Christianity in every clime and nation. All these prerequisites are dilated upon with great eloquence, but they constitute at least but a speculative theory, as delusive perhaps, though far more reasonable, than the phantasies of Miller. The world, we are assured, is advancing now more in one century than it ever has advanced before in five. We are not quite prepared to admit that our planet is whirling along at such a meteoric speed. To be sure there are manifestations of progress around us in some things, but there are also evidences of retrogradation in others. This might be shown from the author's discourse itself, where he dreads lest in his own country at this very time his theory of progress is receiving a check in some particulars. (See p. 287.) But there are some retrograde movements of the age, which we look upon as virtual advances. There is a progress going on which is bringing man *back* to that truth, from which he has so long been led off by lust and avarice. Truth has suffered in the last three centuries, and men begin to acknowledge the fact, and seek to return to the spirit of the middle ages. They see at last, many of them at least, (what the author thinks no society has ever exhibited,) that the "true ideal of Christian life" was fully developed in the ages of faith when charity knew no bounds, and man loved his neighbor as himself. And even some of the varieties of that onward progress in which our author glories so much have been effected by means any thing but justifiable of the cause. Great advances have been made of late years by reason of Anglo-Saxon colonization, but we doubt if the poor natives of the colonized dominions have learned any thing more from their contact with this avaricious race than how to appreciate the qualities of rum and the ef-

fects of opium. If there is one period in the last three centuries more prominent than another for the progress of the human race, it is that bright period when the disciples of St. Ignatius of Loyola, spreading themselves over the immense territories of Asia and America, and intent alone upon civilizing and Christianizing, had astounded the world by the results of their labors. Theirs indeed was a progress to be boasted of—a progress which, had it not been checked by the combined attacks of envy and irreligion, would perhaps have exhibited to us at this day a realization of all that is reasonable in our author's theories. There is much in the discourse "on the end of the world" to which we can not give our assent, and which, if we were not afraid of expanding a notice of the work before us into a review of one of its articles, we would here point out. We can not conclude this notice, however, without assuring our readers that, notwithstanding we may differ with the author in many of his views, we consider his Miscellanies as characterized by that liberality and ability which has distinguished every production from the same source.

Familiar Instructions in the Faith and Morality of the Catholic church, adapted to the use of both children and adults. Compiled from the works of the most approved Catholic writers. By the Rev. Joseph Curr. Published and for sale by Patrick Donahoe, Boston.

This is the title of a meritorious little work now for the first time presented to us in an American dress by the Boston publishers. The design of this work is to indoctrinate the Catholic in all the fundamental truths of his holy religion, not by the old process of question and answer, but by plain and familiar explanations, which draw upon the understanding, as well as the will and memory. It is so arranged, by placing questions at the end of each chapter, as to aid materially the intellect in digesting the truths which it proposes to the understanding. We like much the plan of the work, as, we believe, it is only by such a one that a sluggish understanding can be stimulated into active co-operation with the memory and will. The work comes to us recommended by that distinguished prelate, the bishop of Boston, and has already, as we are informed by the publisher, "been substituted for the larger catechisms in the Sunday school of the Holy Cross, and other schools," and is further fortified with a strong recommendation from Bishop Tyler of the diocess of Hartford. It is a work calculated to win its own way to general favor, and will no doubt increase rapidly in its use in Catholic schools.

Youth's Library, No. 12. *Rosalie of Palermo. The Benevolent Children.* Translated from the French. Published by Fielding Lucas, jr., Baltimore.

These interesting little tales are a continuation of a series in the course of publication by Mr. Lucas, which recommend themselves strongly to parents, as combining all the pleasant excitement of story-reading with much wholesome and useful morality. No. 12 teaches, in the most fascinating manner, the importance of filial piety, and the pleasure to be derived from sympathy with the poor and the afflicted. Parents would do well to extend the fullest patronage to these innocent and instructive publications, as well for their intrinsic worth as to divert the tastes of their children from the odious and demoralizing trash with which our country is now flooded in the shape of cheap publications.

Butler's Lives of the Saints. No. IV of this excellent work has just been issued.

Denton's History of New York, formerly New Netherlands. Published by Gowans, N. York. For sale by John Murphy, Baltimore.

This is the first of a series of ancient productions which the publisher proposes to issue relating to the early settlement and history of the colonies of North America. The present and first number is a curious specimen of the literature of the 17th century, remarkable for that quaint and forcible mode of expression peculiar to that era. The reader will find it both entertaining and instructive, and will also observe in it an extravagance in puffing new settlements, which seems to have attained as high if not a higher state of perfection in those early days than is found even in our times. The execution of the work is highly creditable to the publisher; the type and paper can not fail to please the most fastidious reader.

Annual Address delivered before the Philodemic Society of George Town college, July 24, 1845. By Geo. Brent, Esq.

We regret that this interesting pamphlet should have arrived too late for more than an acknowledgment of its receipt in this month's Magazine, as it would have given us great pleasure to have pointed the attention of our readers to some of the eloquent passages in which it abounds.

Murphy's Catalogue of Catholic Books.

Mr. John Murphy, 178 Market street, has left on our table his Catalogue of Standard Catholic Books, which is the most comprehensive and complete catalogue ever issued in this country. This circumstance, however, can be a matter of no surprise to such as are acquainted with his enterprise and industry. The character he has attained for correct and beautiful typography, and the neat manner in which most of his own publications are issued, warrant us in calling the attention of Catholics throughout the country to his extensive establishment, assured, as we are, that his prices, as exhibited in his catalogue, are very moderate, and offer inducements to all to supply themselves at the cheapest rates with Catholic works of the most instructive and interesting kind.

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